

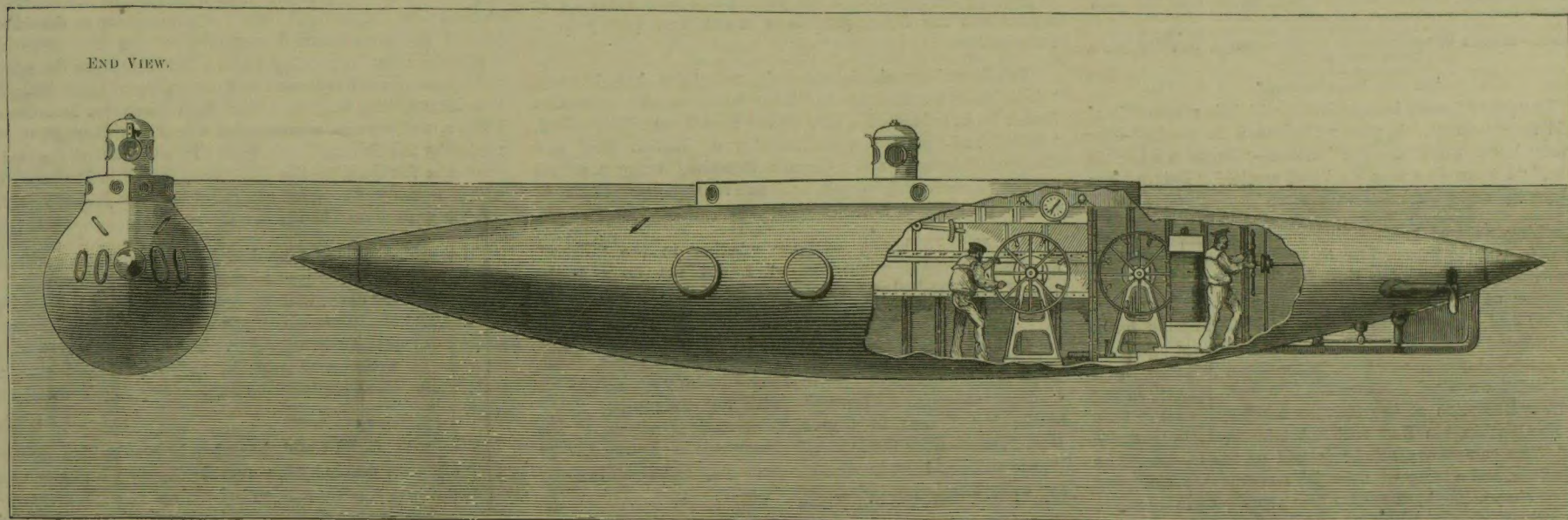
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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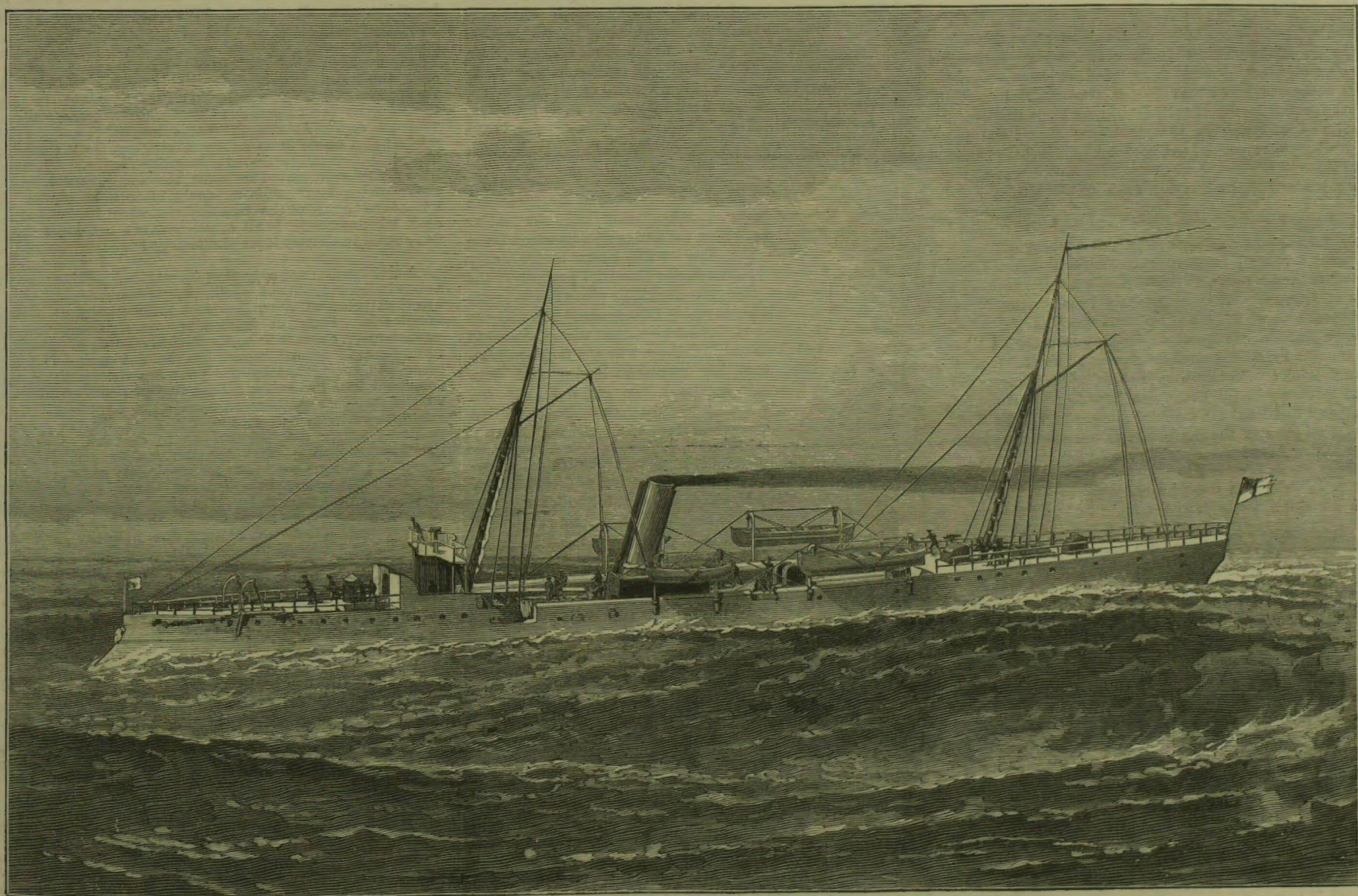
No. 2497.—VOL. XC.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6d.



THE DISPLACEMENT SINKING AND RISING SUBMARINE BOAT NAUTILUS, WORKING BY ELECTRIC POWER.



H.M. TORPEDO GUN-BOAT RATTLESNAKE.



## ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

In the course of a long and wandering life I have dined out a great many times, pretty nearly all over the world; and at a certain stage of the repast—if the dinner be a notable one—I always make it a matter of duty to purloin the bill-of-fare. 'Tis generally in the interval between the *rôts* and the *entremets* that I seize the opportunity of quietly pocketing the *menu*. With these pleasant records of gormandising I have filled more than one tall folio; and it is to me a source of never-failing interest to turn over the pages of the books in question and to ask—very sadly sometimes—what has become of the guests whose names have been jotted down on the margins of the cards? And then, the vast variety of dinners! Diplomatic, political, charitable, municipal, fashionable, complimentary, convivial, and “stuck-up” banquets. And the lovely specimens of pastrycooks’ French! And the “topical” dishes: for contemporary history is reflected in our bills-of-fare; and the conspicuous individuality of the day usually gives his name to a dish, as well as to a hat, a coat, or a tulip.

For a “topical” bill-of-fare commend me to the extraordinary *menu* of the dinner given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Lady Mayoress, at the Mansion House, Dublin, to the gentlemen who are undergoing their trial for conspiracy. I quote this amazing document from the *Times*:—

## Plan of Campaign.

## Garnishes.

Soups.—Turtle, turtle punch, scire facias; sherry.  
Fish.—Salmon, abatement sauce, filets of soles (in dictionary order); hock.  
Entrées.—Veal cutlets, à la Edward III.; Clanricarde sweetbreads;  
Champagne.  
Relèves.—Capons and Limerick ham, à la Murty Hynes; roast lamb, with  
Respondent oyster; sirloin of beef (called on pain of ten pounds).  
Game.—Woodford pheasants, Green-street asparagus; champagne.  
Entremets.—Gateaux of apricots and Loughrea cream, Stand-by jellies,  
Traversers’ pudding.  
Liquens.—Dessert.  
“In my usual fashion.”

The “Traversers” *menu* is ingenious; still, it is susceptible of a little improvement. I miss “Cardons à la mœlle”—the traversers know what “carding” means—“Surprise à la clair de lune,” “Potage de queue de bœuf mutilé,” “Epigrammes à la Boycott,” and “Buckshot au naturel.”

Touching not real but imaginary entertainments, I note a cartoon, in chromo-lithography, in that exceptionally clever and powerful periodical, the *New York Puck*. The Chinese Ambassador at Washington, it would seem, lately gave a reception; and the guests besieged the *buffet* in such force, and manifested such sustained voracity, that the refreshments late in the evening ran short, or, in American parlance, “gi’n out.” *Puck* has utilised this incident in a picture representing “The Next Reception at the Chinese Embassy,” with a note that “The Washington Hog will not take them by surprise again.” The sumptuous supper is laid on the carpet of the grand saloon, and a troop of Celestial servitors are emptying bottles of champagne by the dozen into a spout communicating with a trough on the floor. The “Washington Hogs”—that is to say, the *élite* of society in the Federal capital—are seen, on one side, preparing to go on all fours and fall-to at the edibles and potables; while on the other are the Ambassador and his secretaries grinning hugely at the spectacle. On a placard you read:—“Melican man act allee samee like hog last time. Chineese man fix him Melican style.” The humour is salt, but of the grimmest.

The only drawback to the thorough enjoyment, on this side the Atlantic, of the wit and humour of *Puck* is the occasional obscurity—to the Britisher’s mind at least—of the political cartoons. I can make out, as a rule, with tolerable success the personages and the allusions in the *Paris Charivari*, the *Berlin Kladderadatch*, the *Melbourne Punch*, and the *Queensland Figaro*; but the political “skits” in *Puck* puzzle me sometimes, I confess, desperately. *Puck* needs a gloss for the enlightenment of the darkened John Bullish intellect.

In the matter of Colonial slang. The hint which I ventured to throw out as to the expediency—in this philological age—of compiling a vocabulary of Australasian, South African, and West Indian *argot* seems to have met with a considerable amount of approval; for I have received many letters containing specimens of what one may call the “Langue verte” of Greater Britain. As items of Antipodean slang, I note “new chum,” a recently-arrived immigrant; “shout,” to treat a person to drink; “blackbirding,” recruiting (or kidnapping) coloured labourers in the South Sea Islands; “bummer,” a “loafer” or “hoodlum”; “snabble,” to steal. I must hint, however, that some of the words sent to me as Australasian slang are either Americanisms or of pure Whitechapel mintage.

“A. H. T.,” who has resided seven years in South Africa, favours me with a whole budget of slang colloquialisms from that part of the world. Scraps of the English, the Boer, and the Zulu tongues seem to have been pressed into the service for the making of this South African *pot-pourri*. A settler in his first year is known as a “jimmy”; food is called “scoff” by natives in the service of Europeans; a trader among the Boers is a “smouse”; a drink is a “tot” (compare the Australian “nobbler”); a roadside tavern is a “canteen” (and natives often call all drink “canteen”); a “skellum” is a rascal; “footsac”—“be off!”—is the apostrophe to too intrusive dogs; a pennypiece, which is abhorred by the natives, is a “debblish”; a florin is known by the name of a “Scotchman”; threepenny piece is invariably a “pen.” “What’s its name?” is in Boer parlance “Dingis?”; and “Ndaba,” a pure Zulu word, meaning “affair” or “business,” is in frequent use even among the whites. With the natives it has a most elastic signification, and “Ndaba” may mean a wedding, a beer-drinking bout, a quarrel, a trial at law, or a hanging. A prison is always the “tronk,” which is Boer. The Anglo-Indian word “tiffin” is in common use in hotel advertisements.

I have received a curiously large number of communications touching bubble-and-squeak. I say curiously large; for I should have thought that in this refined, and, perhaps, superfine age, bubble-and-squeak would be voted as vulgar a dish as

toad-in-the-hole, liver and bacon, baked “jemmy,” or tripe and onions, and, as such, quite unworthy to be descanted on by my cultured correspondents. This, happily, is not the case; and a posse of friendly readers have something to say directly or indirectly affecting bubble-and-squeak.

Let me first apologetically mention that in the “Echoes” of Feb. 19, col. 1, line 31 from bottom, “boiled” was a misprint for “broiled.” My valued correspondent “James D.” (Dorking) wrote and held that the beef in bubble-and-squeak should be broiled; but mark again how the culinary doctors differ. Dr. William Kitchener, in “The Cook’s Oracle,” lays down quite a different recipe for bubble-and-squeak. Here it is:—

It is generally made with cold boiled salted beef, sprinkled with a little pepper, and just lightly browned with a bit of butter in a frying-pan. *If it is fried too much it will be hard.* Boil a cabbage, squeeze it dry, and chop it small; take the beef out of the frying-pan, and lay the cabbage in it; sprinkle a little pepper and salt over it; keep the pan moving over the fire for a few minutes; lay the cabbage in the middle of a dish, and the meat round it.

It stands to reason that you could not “accommodate” finely chopped cabbage on a gridiron, as half the greens would fall between the bars: and, again, broiled beef might bubble, but it would not squeak. The frying-pan is your true culinary squeaker. The accomplished and amiable author of “The Oracle” enforces his precepts with an archaically rhyming couplet—

When midst the frying-pan, in accents savage,  
The beef, so surly, quarrels with the cabbage.

The doctor even sets his words to music, and gives in regular musical notation the air of “Bubble-and-Squeak.” Well; the architecture of the Parthenon, according to some authorities, is lyrically rhythmical. If its portico can play a tune, why should not the frying-pan have music and poetry in it likewise?

Bubble-and-squeak is not only melodious but literary. “J. D.” tells me that he has lately come across a quotation from a book, published in 1799, by the Rev. George Huddesford, “Bubble-and-Squeak: a Gallimaufry of British Beef and Chopped Cabbage,” and “Crambe Repetita,” being a second part of “Bubble-and-Squeak, &c.,” and reprinted as “Poems of George Huddesford, M.A.,” 2 vols., 1801.

“A. M.” Highgate, asks me whether in the “Echo” touching “duelos y quebrantos” I did not do a slight wrong to some of the later translators of “Don Quixote,” who have given to the words precisely the meaning which I ascribed to them. “There is a revised edition of Jarvis (Jervas?) of 1837,” continues my correspondent, “with Tony Johannot’s illustrations, in which ‘duelos y quebrantos’ is rendered ‘sheep’s chitterlings,’ with an explanatory note.” Good; but I turn to a much more modern edition of the *Don*, illustrated by the late A. B. Houghton, and published by Warne and Co., 1873, in which “duelos y quebrantos” is given as “collops and eggs.”

I said something, too, last week about “humble pie,” and this has brought me a billet from a lady correspondent, “S. M.,” who prefaces her letter with the grave reminder, “Not humble pie; but *umble*-pie.” And she adds, “Vide ‘Imperial Dictionary.’” If the lady had taken the trouble carefully to consult the latest edition of the dictionary in question, she might have saved herself a sheet of note-paper, the wear and tear of a pen, some ink, and a penny stamp. She would have found under the head of “humble-pie” (from *humbles* or *umbles*, entrails of the deer)—“a pie made of the heart, liver, kidneys, and entrails of the deer.—To eat humble-pie—to do anything humiliating from intimidation or pusillanimity: submit tamely, or humiliate oneself abjectly. . . . The humbles were the perquisites of the huntsmen. Though this is the origin of the phrase, its application has doubtless been influenced by the adjective ‘humble.’”

In a capital article in the *Daily News* on Mr. Clouston’s book “On the Antiquity of Jokes,” that very old jocular friend is cited who was hanged for lifting a bridle with a horse attached to it. This, according to the writer in the *Daily News*, has a Chinese parallel of the man who was put in the Cangue for taking a rope with two little plough-oxen at the end of it. But here is a jest which I fancy could not easily be paralleled. It is that of the *nouveau riche* who confessed to the pursuivant at the Herald’s College, who was finding a coat-of-arms for him, that his great-grandfather had been incarcerated in Newgate, but that “he got out early one morning by means of a string over the door.” He meant that his ancestor had been hanged in front of the Debtors’ Door.

There has recently come into my hands a booklet of thirty-one pages, being the “Abridged Grammar of Volapük,” by Professor Kerckhoffs, adapted to the use of English-speaking people by Karl Dornbusch. The London publishers of the work are Messrs. Hachette. I suppose that I ought to be ashamed of myself for having had up to the day before yesterday only the remotest and faintest conception of the nature and purport of Volapük: indeed, I can with candour say that I was not quite certain as to whether it was some fresh form of the *argot* of the Paris boulevards, or a new explosive, or something to drink. “Waiter! a glass of Volapük!” or “Terrible Volapük Explosion,” would not sound badly. It has a slightly Russian savour also. “The region between Volapük and Afghanistan is being steadily encroached upon by pulks of Don Cossacks.”

I imagine that my crass ignorance in this regard is due to the fact that about the time that Volapük began to be popularised I was wandering in the “back blocks” of the Australian Colonies; but I am better instructed as to Volapük now. I learn that it is the International Commercial Language of the Future. Let everybody learn Volapük; and the Chinaman, the Hindoo, the Turk, the Persian, the Zulu, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Muscovite, the Spaniard, the Italian—all humanity, in short—will be able to understand one another, and correspond with fluency and dispatch. “Li kanols volapükow?” “Kanob penow volapükow.”—“Can you speak Volapük?” “I can write Volapük.” “Stadois od, beno.” Farewell. That is Volapük.

I will not attempt to explain the principles of the “Grammar of Volapük,” save just to mention that the learned Dr. Schleyer of Constance, the inventor of the new mode of speech, has given it an admirably simple framework. It has no artificial genders; only one conjugation, and no irregular verbs. The spelling is purely phonetic. The roots of the words have been borrowed from all the languages of Europe, but principally from the Romance and Teutonic tongues; the pronunciation and construction are French. That it will ever rise to the dignity of a literary language can scarcely be expected; but it may become a very useful mode of international communication of the “pigeon” species.

A very dear friend of mine is anxious to know whether there was ever such a functionary as the Queen’s Sergeant-at-Arms. She is herself firmly convinced that this dignitary once existed; and she is chiefly anxious to learn when this particular form of Sergeantry was abolished. I have told her that there is, or was, a legal luminary called “The Queen’s Ancient Sergeant”; but that of the Queen’s Sergeant-at-Arms I know naught.

Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., well known not only for his enterprise as a newspaper proprietor but for the splendid hospitality which he has so long dispensed to travellers in the States—he was the friend of Dickens and of Thackeray—has made a graceful and generous Jubilee gift to the town of Stratford-on-Avon. Some time since Mr. Childs offered through Dr. Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*, to present a drinking fountain to Stratford, as the offering of an American citizen to the town of Shakspeare in the Jubilee year of the good Queen Victoria. The offer was gratefully accepted by the Corporation; and a few days since the site for the fountain was fixed upon by a committee of taste, including the Mayor, Dr. Macaulay, Mr. Sam Timmins, Mr. Charles Flower, and several members of the Town Council, accompanied by the Borough Surveyor. It was finally decided to erect the fountain in the large open space in Rother-street, which is midway between the Great Western Railway Station and the central part of the town.

The edifice will be fifty feet high; the lower portion of granite, and the upper part of stone artistically sculptured. A clock, with four dials, will be conspicuously displayed at the summit, and the intermediate panels will be filled with appropriate Shakspearean inscriptions. The estimated cost of the fountain is a thousand pounds, and it is hoped that the structure will be completed by Jubilee Day, the 20th of next June.

Mem.: Mr. G. W. Childs has already won golden opinions of the English people by his munificence in placing in Westminster Abbey a noble window of stained glass in memory of two English poets and worthies, George Herbert and William Cowper.

Recurring to old jokes, we are most of us aware of one that has a very ancient and fish-like smell: the grim piece of humour, to wit, which tells us that it is easy to drive a coach-and-six through an Act of Parliament. In the House of Peers the other day Lord Grimthorpe incidentally showed that it is by the careless drawing of Bills that the meshes of the legislative net, called an Act of Parliament, become wide enough for coaches-and-six to be driven through them. From a certain clause Lord Grimthorpe proposed to omit the words “one clear day,” which, he said, had no proper legal definition, but which might be taken to mean, so far as grammar was concerned, the reverse of “obscure day.” At this the Lords laughed; but the laity might find a clause in an Act containing words with no proper legal definition the reverse of a laughing matter. Ultimately Lord Grimthorpe moved to insert the words, “not later than the following day.” This, no doubt, is as it should be. But what is to be said of the functionaries whose business it is to draw Bills, and who, to all appearance, do not know how to draw them in strictly legal phraseology?

A charity that not only pays its way, but yields every year a handsome margin of profit, is, without doubt, from a practical point of view, the most praiseworthy of charities imaginable. Such an institution, equally beneficent and remunerative, appears to be the Peabody Trust, of which the twenty-second annual report has been issued. The sums given and bequeathed by the great American philanthropist amounted in all to half a million sterling; and an additional sum of £410,000 has been received by the trustees for rent and interest. The net gain of the Fund for the year last past was nearly £30,000, and up to the end of the year the trustees had provided for the artisan and labouring classes of London some 11,000 rooms—inhabited by over 20,000 persons. When to these lodging-houses are added the model dwellings erected by other associations it might seem strange that any large proportion of the metropolitan poor are still constrained to occupy noisome dens in filthy slums still. I should like Mr. G. R. Sims to tell me whether the Peabody Dwellings are occupied by exactly the right kind of lodgers,—that is to say, honest and industrious but altogether poor people.

Mem.: I have heard of a block of model dwellings (not Peabody ones) originally intended for the accommodation of the poor, but which is now let out in semi-fashionable “flats.” It is only the narrow and steep stone staircase which betrays the humble beginnings of this now æsthetic caravansera.

A truly appalling statement has recently been made public by Archdeacon Farrar, who fails to understand the animosity which the Church House scheme seems to have provoked, and the indecorous merriment which followed the proposal to have a *buffet*, in the Church House, where “light refreshments” could be obtained. “Such ridicule,” observed the Archdeacon in a recent speech, “was altogether ignoble, and a little bit hypocritical.” The accommodation, when the two Houses of Convocation were assembled, was so inadequate that he believed that even the Prolocutor of the Lower House had been seen going into a shop, in a back street of Westminster, to appease his hunger with a penny bun. In one of Charles Dickens’s novels we are told of a summer morning when it was so hot that a judge, on his way to court, was fain to halt at a shell-fish shop for a bottle of ginger beer; but a Prolocutor devouring a penny bun! *Proh! Pudor!*

G. A. S.



## THE SUBMARINE BOAT NAUTILUS.

Our Illustration represents the Nautilus, a boat designed for submarine movement by electric power, furnished with means of sinking and rising at will on the principle devised by Mr. Andrew Campbell, to whose ideas practical effect has been given by Mr. Edward Wolseley and Mr. C. E. Lyon. The boat has been constructed by Messrs. Henry Fletcher, Son, and Fearnall, the well-known shipbuilders, of Limehouse, and its action was successfully exhibited, two months ago, at the West India Docks, to Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., and other naval officers.

The history of the many endeavours to construct a perfectly safe and effective submarine boat need not here be detailed. It may be remarked that, from Dribble, in the time of James II., to Goubet, in these days, nothing even approximating to usefulness has been devised. The projectors all worked with the idea of sinking or rising by the use of water-ballast or inclined rudders. In spite of these failures, ingenuity has been kept at work on the problem; and of late the demand for submarine boats has been much felt as needful for the effective use of torpedoes. The torpedo may be relied upon to do its deadly work, if it strikes; but it cannot be relied upon to strike, when sent long distances. It is subject to the attack of machine-guns, and may be turned from its course by currents of water; while naval commanders have learnt not to lay their ships broadside to a point from which it may come, but to keep stem on, so that, at sight of the line of air-bubbles, which mark the torpedo's approach, a turn of the wheel will send it swishing off through the water. In fact, the torpedo can be of little use, unless brought by an unseen agency within actual striking distance of the vessel to be attacked. So Mr. Andrew Campbell bethought himself how to construct a boat, of any dimensions, which could be readily submerged or floated in a safe and simple manner, leaving nothing to chance, and not depending on the power used for propulsion: a boat practically indestructible, efficient in any climate, and ready at any moment. How to do this was the problem. The notion that it could be done by simply increasing or decreasing the weight had failed; so had that of propelling the boat down nose foremost; for as soon as the machinery stopped, she found an even keel, and floated to the surface. Nor did Mr. Campbell think finality and absolute success had been reached by that better method adopted by Mr. Nordenfeldt, by which the boat is forced down by means of propellers or screws, working horizontally at the side of the boat; for the capital fault still remains that submersion is dependent upon the machinery. The subtle is often explained by the simple and it occurred to Mr. Campbell to study Nature a little. Fishes and other animals living in water rise and sink without using their fins or any method of propulsion; it is done simply by contraction or expansion. Then the question came, is it possible to give this same expansion and contraction to such a rigid structure as a boat? The idea occurred, and was carried out, of placing in the hull of a water-tight vessel a series of metal cylinders, into which are fitted properly constructed rams, or drums, which can be protruded or withdrawn by a simple process, governed and worked by the crew of the vessel, by means similar to those used in steering an ordinary ship. The speed of rising or falling is easily and perfectly regulated; an even keel is always maintained, and perfect safety is assured. A torpedo may not simply be taken within striking distance, but may be attached and fired from a point of safety. The inventor claims that he has produced a boat which is perfectly under control; which can be kept at any given depth; which can be raised or sunk rapidly or slowly; and can be propelled at ten knots an hour, or floated, or submerged, and may be kept for hours or days in any position without using a fraction of the stored propelling power.

The Nautilus is a cigar-shaped vessel, 60 ft. long and 8 ft. in diameter amidships, built of Siemens-Martin steel three-eighths of an inch thick. She is propelled noiselessly by twin screws, worked by electric engines, supplied from storage batteries of large capacity. For safety she is divided into four compartments, all the projectors and machinery being contained in one of these, so as to render them under easy control. Besides the projectors, she is fitted with water ballast as well as horizontal rudders; and, in case of an absolute breakdown, such as might be caused by a collision or a similar accident, a turn of a bolt will enable the crew to release a heavy weight, and so raise her to the surface. Thus everything is believed to have been done to insure absolute safety to all lives within her.

The inventor is so satisfied with the numerous trials of the vessel, which have taken place in the presence of many experts of the British and foreign Governments, that it is proposed immediately to lay down several vessels of from 130 ft. to 150 ft. length, and of proportionate beam. Vessels of this size would be able to keep at sea for several days, and to contain permanent accommodation for officers and crew. Air, under pressure, is stored on board the Nautilus to an amount sufficient for three days' supply, and electric glow lamps supply light when the boat is submerged. The electrical machinery has been designed by Mr. Graydon Poore and supplied by Messrs. Lewis Olrick and Co.

When lying on the surface of the water only about ten inches of the central upper portion of the boat is visible above water-line, and this is surmounted by a steel conning-tower about 12 in. high and 15 in. diameter and pierced with four sight-holes. Entrance and exit are obtained by means of a manhole on the deck, which is secured by a watertight joint, and there is room for six persons in the central portion of the boat.

The steamer Great Eastern has been sold at Liverpool by auction for £26,000. The purchaser, Mr. Thomas Brown, is said to be acting for the London and Australian Steamship Company.

The eighth annual show of cart-horses opened on Tuesday at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and is stated to be unusually good.

The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry on Tuesday laid the corner-stone for the new High School for Girls at Sunderland. There was a very large gathering of the local clergy and others.

The Registrar-General reports that 2612 births and 1560 deaths were registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 272, and the deaths 333, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 35 from measles, 13 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 41 from whooping-cough, 6 from enteric fever, 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery; thus, 124 deaths were referred to these diseases, being 117 below the corrected average weekly number. The widow of a hawker died on the 19th inst. at 61, Grange-walk, Bermondsey, whose age was stated to be 102; the cause of death was certified as "old age." The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 364 and 373 in the two preceding weeks, further rose last week to 392, but were 149 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths; 59 were the result of negligence or accident.

## THE TORPEDO GUN-BOAT RATTLESNAKE.

The Rattlesnake, torpedo gun-boat, built and engined by Messrs. Laird Brothers at Birkenhead, has just made a contractors' three hours' full-power trial of her machinery at Portsmouth, previous to being received by the Admiralty. She is of 450 tons displacement, and is the first of her class. Hence the interest which attaches to her performances under way. These gun-boats are both faster and more formidable than anything of the gun-boat class yet designed, and are expected to prove an effective check to the operations of torpedo-boats in war. The Rattlesnake is 200 ft. between perpendiculars, with a beam of 23 ft. and a depth of hold of 13 ft. She is built entirely of steel, and is fitted with a half-poop and fore-castle, and a conning-tower with a conning bridge erected over it. In speed she equals the first-class torpedo-boats; while, as she stands well out of the water, and has good accommodation between decks, she is vastly superior in seaworthiness, ability to keep the sea, and comfort for the crew. Her offensive power is also greater. In addition to one torpedo tube through the bow, and another through the stern in a fore-and-aft line, and one on each broadside forward capable of training through 90 degrees, she will mount a 4-inch 25 cwt. central pivot breechloader, capable of penetrating 8 in. of armour. This makes her a formidable antagonist to all but heavily protected ships of war. The gun is surrounded by a steel screen attached to the carriage for the defence of the gunner against machine-guns and rifle fire. She carries six three-pounder Hotchkiss quick-firing guns. Above the bridge an electric search-light is fitted. The final trials for speed were made on Wednesday, the 12th inst., Mr. H. H. Laird being present as a representative of the contractors' firm, and Mr. R. R. Bevis, jun., in charge of the engines. Several runs were made over the measured mile in Stokes Bay, when a mean speed of 19½ knots was obtained. The maximum horse-power developed was 3100, the result of the complete run giving a mean collective power of 2860 horses, or 160 in excess of the contract, with an average of 322 revolutions. During one of the trials the steam steering gear was tested, when it was found that the helm could be put hard over from hard over in twenty seconds. The craft behaved very well in spite of the weather, though the sea broke over her in clouds of spray. With her bunker capacity the Rattlesnake is capable of steaming, at eleven knots, 2800 miles, or a little more than the distance between Liverpool and New York. The Rattlesnake will now be brought forward for early commissioning.

## THE ADELAIDE JUBILEE EXHIBITION.

The colony of South Australia (which extends, curiously enough, to the shores of North Australia, being 1850 miles in length from south to north, and fifteen times the size of England) has a population of nearly 350,000, and is one of the best-managed of the British colonies. It is now just fifty years old, the first settlers having selected their town lots in what has become the fair city of Adelaide, in March, 1837. The age of South Australia being thus coeval with the reign of Queen Victoria, the people of Adelaide are preparing to celebrate the Jubilee, on June 20, by the opening of an International Exhibition, to which they have invited contributions from England, Ireland, and Scotland, from all the Colonies and India, and from foreign nations. The Prince of Wales and his two sons are patrons of the Exhibition; the Governor, Sir W. C. F. Robinson, is the President, Mr. E. T. Smith is Vice-President, and Sir Samuel Davenport is Executive Commissioner, with an efficient and influential Executive Committee. The Exhibition building, shown in our Illustration, has been erected on the Adelaide Park lands, fronting North-terrace, at the corner of Frome-road, adjacent to the Botanic Garden, and near the University, Public Library, and Institute, which are situated in North-terrace. A direct line of railway, seven miles long, connects the Exhibition with the wharves at Port Adelaide, where ships of the largest size can discharge their cargo.

## BALLARAT CATHEDRAL.

Second only to the city of Melbourne in the Australian colony of Victoria, the city of Ballarat, distant a hundred miles inland north-west of the capital, has a population of 37,000, and is a substantial, handsomely built town, the centre of the goldfield district. It is but thirty-five years since the discovery of gold in this neighbourhood invited the first diggers to the valley of the Yarrowee and the Black Hill, which had, till then, presented scenes of loneliness and vacancy. The mining community, a rough set of people, quickly increased, and resisted the imposition of a tax; a military force was sent to coerce them, and the fight of Dec. 3, 1854, in which many were killed and wounded, took place at the "Eureka stockade," upon a site now occupied by the streets of the town in Ballarat East. There are above six thousand miners now employed; deep shafts have been sunk, powerful steam-engines, puddling machines, sluices, pumps, and stamping-mills, have been applied to the work, and quartz-crushing goes on to the amount of a quarter of a million tons in a twelvemonth, producing about eighty-six thousand ounces of gold. Where the root of all evil is so abundantly produced, it is satisfactory to be informed that ample provision is made for religious instruction and worship. There are forty churches and chapels in the town, belonging to different ecclesiastical communities; and the Episcopal Church of England fairly holds its own among them, presided over, since 1874, by the Right Rev. S. Thornton, Bishop of Ballarat. The pro-cathedral, known as Christ Church, is no longer regarded as capable of accommodating the large congregation attracted to its services; and it was therefore resolved by the Church Assembly, in March last year, to build a permanent cathedral on the same site, at a cost of £35,000, exclusive of the intended tower and spire. A Board was appointed, representing the whole diocese as well as the parish of Christchurch; the Bishop, Archdeacon Allnutt, and Archdeacon Julius, being chairmen of its finance and building committees; Mr. E. J. Webb, treasurer; and the Rev. H. C. E. Morris, secretary. The design of the proposed building is shown in our Illustration; the architects are Messrs. Tappin, Gilbert, and Dennehy, of Melbourne and Ballarat. There will be an entrance corridor with porches, a lofty nave with aisles, three transepts, and the choir with apsidal chancel; also a baptistery and vestries. The building of the nave, for which £15,000 is required, will be first begun, and the remainder will be undertaken in sections, as the additional funds are subscribed. It will be used for the parish church as well as for the Cathedral, with an arrangement of services for each separate congregation at different hours. We hope the Bishop's appeal will be met by public liberality worthy of the Goldfield City of Ballarat.

In our Sketches of the sitting of the Admiralty Court, which appeared last week, the two Nautical Assessors on the Bench with Mr. Justice Butt were introduced. The name of one of them was incorrectly mentioned as Captain Parry, R.N.; it should have been stated as Captain R. W. Pelly, R.N., one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT CANNES.

Life at Cannes is only semi-Continental. At the villas the usual English hours are kept, but at the hotels it is customary to conform more nearly to the French time for meals. Soon after ten o'clock in the morning lawn-tennis begins. There is no such thing as turf in the south. What grass there is has to be sown every year, so it is easy to imagine that it would not be much good for playing on; but the sandy soil, when well rolled, makes a capital court, and the balls play very true upon it. It makes a little difference at first, but players soon get used to the difference. About mid-day an adjournment is made for déjeuner or lunch, after which meal the more inveterate players begin again; but invalids, and those who are not so fond of either playing or watching the game, take a drive; after which everyone meets at some villa where there is a lawn-tennis party going on. Those who do not play, drink tea and talk scandal; while those who are not asked to join in a game, content themselves with making remarks upon those who are. Towards sunset a rush is made to the carriages, and the party breaks up.

In the evening all meet again at a dance—that is, if there is one. So plenty of opportunities occur for knowing one another well, and, consequently, towards the close of the season people are either very great friends or become very fair enemies. Like other watering-places and pleasure-resorts, Cannes has its sets, and people keep to them; but though this sort of thing is now much more of a necessity than in former times, on several occasions set meets set on neutral ground, and then a sort of amalgamation takes place. When there is no dance going on, little "poker" parties are arranged, and very often this way of passing the evening is preferred by ladies as well as gentlemen to any other.

The Prince will miss many familiar faces at Cannes this year. The Villa St. Jean is of necessity no longer tenanted by the Comte de Paris, whose absence is much felt in Cannes society. The Duchesse de Vallombrosa, whose sad death is still fresh in many minds, is a great loss to the community, not only as a hostess and leader of society, but as the helper of the friendless and the patron of art and music. The Duchesse de Chartres and her family are, however, at Cannes again, as are also the Princesse de Sagan and the Duchesse de Luynes. The Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden has taken the Château Vallombrosa, and the Duke and Duchess of Nassau and their son, Prince William, are paying him a visit.

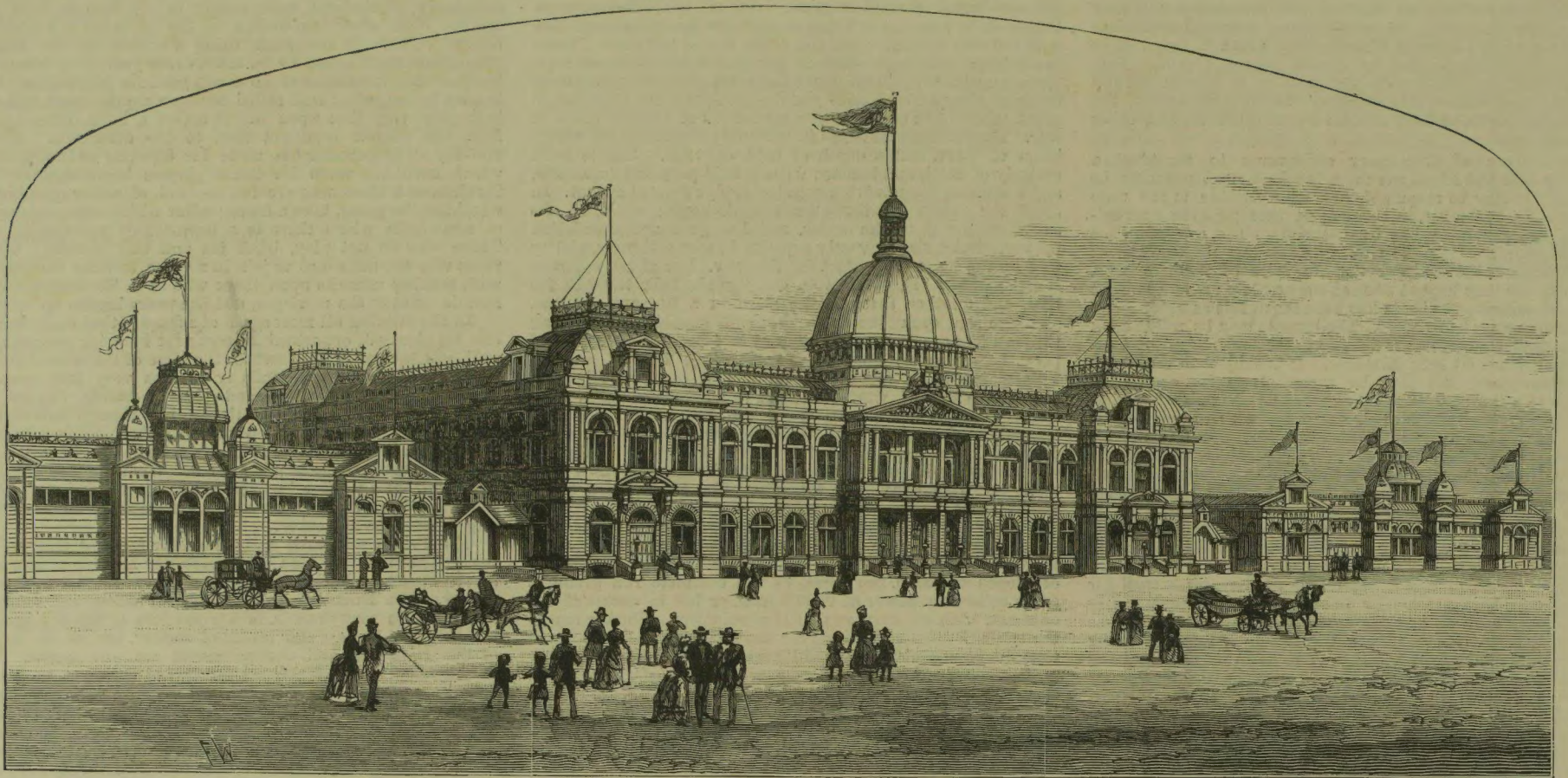
The Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin are at the Isola Bella, which villa they occupied last year. Among other well-known members of London and Cannes society, at Cannes, are Lord and Lady Roden, Lord and Lady Acton, Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lord and Lady Wolverton (Lord Wolverton, however, went over to England on purpose to be present at the Dorsetshire Liberal meeting), Lord and Lady Colchester, Lord and Lady Spencer Chichester, Baroness Bolsover, Sir John and Lady Mellor, Sir John and Lady Errington, Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Lady Goldsmid (Sir Julian Goldsmid having returned to town for his Parliamentary duties), Captain and Mrs. Vyner, and a few members of Parliament. American society is also well represented. There will probably be a good deal of entertaining done while the Prince of Wales is in the place. Already dances are talked of, and in many cases arranged. One lady resident intends giving a fancy-dress ball, which, if as good as her last one, should be a great success.

The Bataille de Fleurs, in spite of the presence of Royalty, was spoiled by the piercing cold and clouds of dust, nevertheless, the whole programme was carried through without alteration. Saturday, Feb. 12, was set apart for the opening of the Memorial Church. Prince George arrived from Malta just in time to be present. In the evening the Prince of Wales presided at the weekly English dinner of the Cercle Nautique. Among those present were Prince George, the Duke of Mecklenburg, Lord Wemyss, the Chevalier De Colquhoun (vice-president of the Club and the originator of the dinners), Count Kilmansegge, Lord Acton, Sir Henry Meysey Thompson, Lord Brougham, Lord Spencer Chichester, Sir Montague Smith, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Colonel Stanley Clarke, and Captain Stephenson. In all sixty sat down. On Monday their Royal Highnesses were present at Mrs. Grant Morris's ball, which was a great success; indeed the Villa Allerton never looked prettier. Mr. Van Loon and Miss Edith Grant Morris led the cotillion, which was well kept up. On Tuesday, Lady Murray gave a fancy ball in honour of the Prince of Wales, which was most successful. The Prince arrived at half-past eleven, stayed late—till two, and it was later still before the last guest left the hospitable roof of the Villa Victoria. On Wednesday the Prince lunched at the Villa Mezzo Monte, the charming residence of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, and situated on the hill Californie, not far from the Villa Nevada and the Church of St. George; and in the evening dined with the Chevalier De Colquhoun at the Mimosa; after which he went on, with Prince George, to the annual ball at the Cercle Nautique, given in aid of the Ladies' Home, which was started, a few years since, to benefit poor gentlemen in failing health. On Thursday Madame Etling gave a bal-pardié, and the Princesse de Sagan a reception. Fortunately the weather became finer as the week wore on, and Saturday was a glorious day. The Prince of Wales and Prince George, accompanied by Colonel Clarke, went over to Nice by an early train for the "Bataille de Fleurs." Among the company were the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the Count and Countess of Eu, the Grand Dukes of Saxe-Weimar and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Prince Hohenzollern, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Duke of Nemours, the Duchess of Chartres, the Countess of Caresté, Lady Murray, the Duchess of Luynes, the Countess Bardi, and the Princesse de Sagan. In the evening their Royal Highnesses returned to Cannes, and the Prince of Wales presided once more at the Club dinner. On Monday his Royal Highness was again at Nice, to share the Carnival amusements.

## THE MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CANNES.

An account of present and recent affairs of social interest among the English residents and visitors at Cannes appeared in our last; and it referred to the ceremony of the 12th inst., when the new English Church of St. George, erected in memory of the death of the lamented Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was opened by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of a good congregation, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales, with his younger son, Prince George, Prince and Princess Hohenzollern, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Nassau, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden. His Royal Highness took his place inside the memorial chapel, surrounded by iron railings. The religious consecration service was performed by the Bishop of Gibraltar, assisted by fourteen clergymen of the Riviera, and the choirs from the Riviera churches. The Bishop read the letters-patent which appointed the chaplain; then a short effective musical service was performed, and a brief sermon was delivered in the church. The Préfet and local authorities of Cannes present, as well as the French military officers, were in *grande tenue*. Amongst the spectators were the Duchess of Sutherland, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin, Sir George Bowen, and the Bishop of St. Asaph.



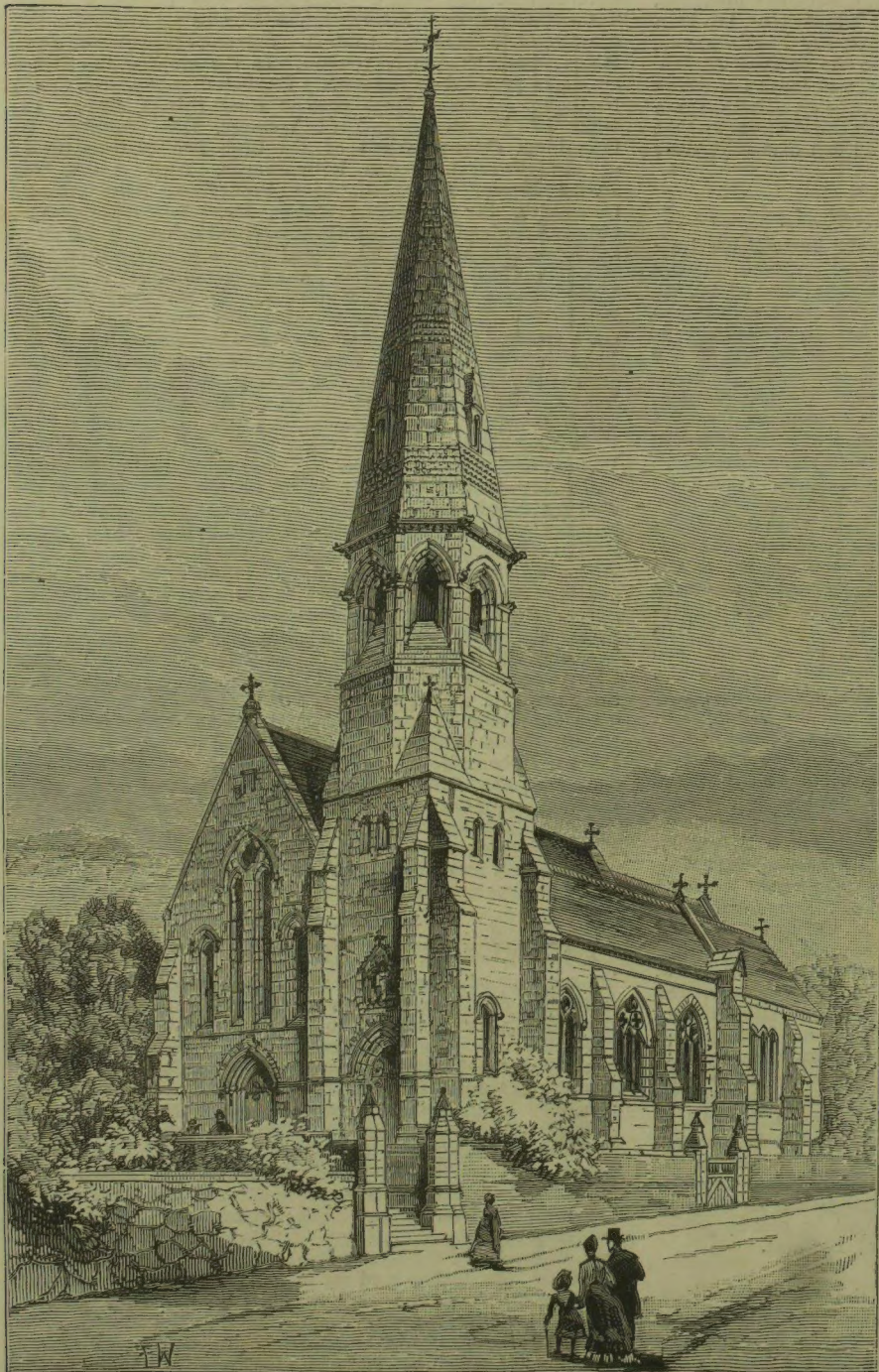


BUILDING FOR THE ADELAIDE JUBILEE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The building of the Duke of Albany Memorial Church at Cannes, shown in our Illustration, has been erected from the designs of an eminent architect, Mr. A. W. Blomfield, M.A., son of a former Bishop of London. The beauty and simplicity of his design are much admired. The site is on the brow of a hill, near the California Hotel, and commanding a fine view. All parts of the building are finished, except the spire. It is executed in stone from the neighbourhood of Grasse. The plan consists of four bays and a north and south aisle, the pavement of the

aisle being laid in mosaic. On the north side are an organ chapel and vestry, and on the south the memorial chapel, on the decoration of which the skill of the architect has been lavished. The roof of the nave is of pitch-pine, and the altar steps are of white Carrara marble. There are triple lancet windows above the altar, which are filled with memorial offerings, the gift of two English ladies; the stained glass, and a mosaic reredos, are the work of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, who have other

work in hand for this church. The piscina and sedilia are of ancient design. A screen of iron, painted black and gold, the work of Messrs. Hart, Peard, and Son, separates the chancel from the memorial chapel, in which there is a second altar, and the chapel is to be used only for early communion and weekday service. There is a marble statue of St. George in the chancel. Munificent gifts have poured in, besides the subscriptions; for instance, an organ, silver plate, carved furniture, and fine altar linen.

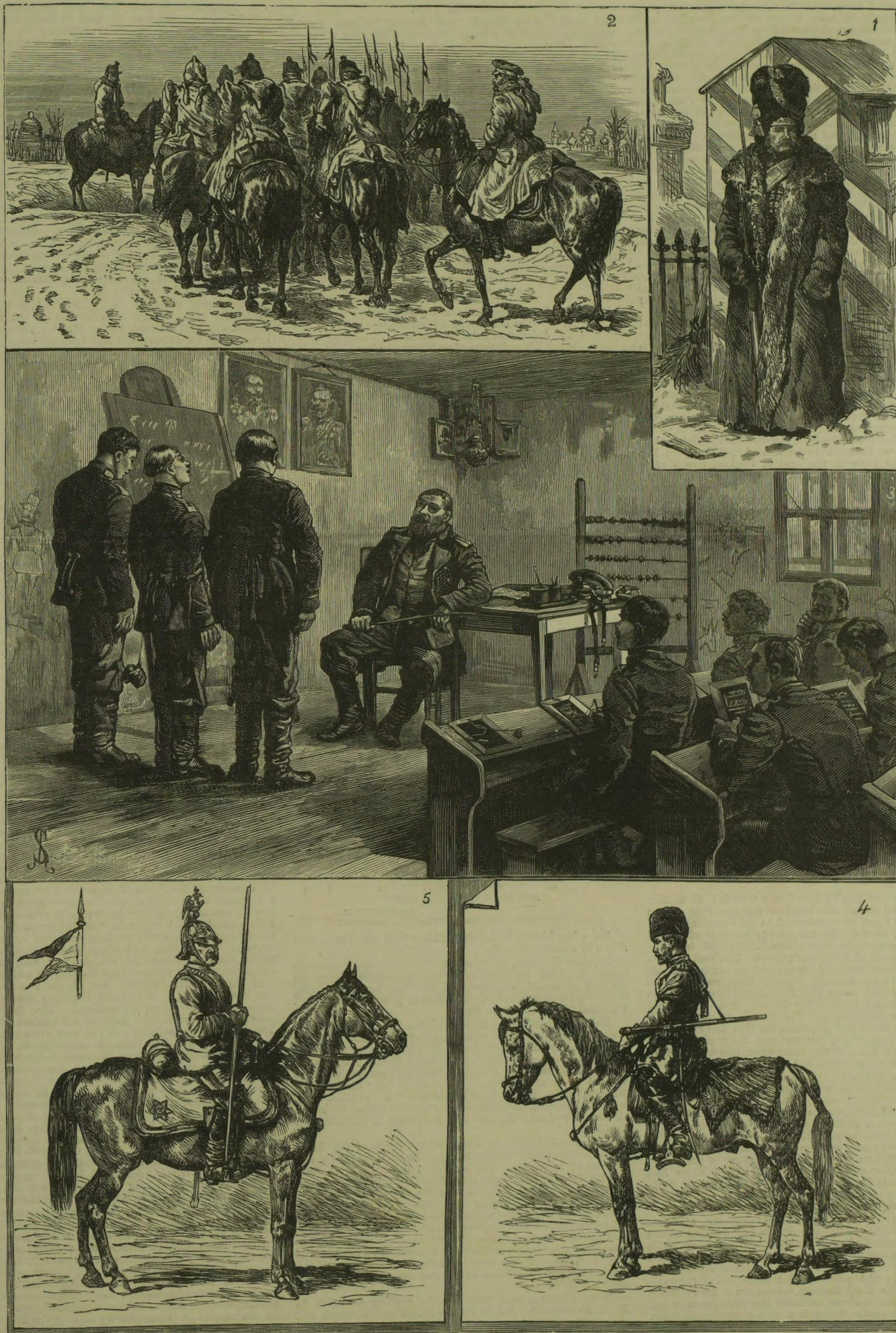


NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT CANNES, IN MEMORY OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY.



THE CATHEDRAL OF BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.





1. Grenadier of the Peter-Paul Guards: sentry before the statue of the Emperor Nicholas.

2. Dragoons marching to St. Petersburg to attend a Review.

3. Military School of Don Cossacks.

4. Circassian of the Imperial Bodyguard.

5. Cavalier of the Imperial Life Guards.

## TYPES OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Continued anxiety regarding the maintenance of peace between the Great Powers of the Continent has directed attention to the increasing military preparations of Russia and Austria. The Russian Government has recently ordered the calling out for actual service of a large class of men liable to conscription who had been dispensed with in former years, and who are reckoned at 100,000. We learn from Warsaw that the following troops are stationed in the neighbourhood of that city, in addition to the artillery for the fortress:—The 5th Corps, two artillery brigades, a cavalry division with another artillery brigade, two brigades of chasseurs, a sapper brigade,

two divisions of Kouban Cossacks, four divisions of Don Cossacks, the third infantry division with the Guards Corps, the third brigade of the second cavalry division, the commanders of the Sixth Corps with infantry divisions, three field artillery brigades, and a cavalry division with an artillery brigade. At Lublin there are the infantry divisions and artillery brigades of the 14th Corps, a cavalry division with artillery brigade, and a division of Don Cossacks with artillery. The total number of men under General Gourkoff's command in these parts is 80,000. At Modlin, field barracks for 20,000 men have been placed along the railway lines. At Novogeorgiewsk,

four forts have been provided with new Mäuser batteries, which have their faces towards the Vistula, as they are intended to protect the bridge of Narew. The magazines at Kieff are being replenished, and one of our Sketches is that of the unloading of a freight of shells there; while, in other Sketches, types of different classes of soldiers are represented; the Cavaliers of the Imperial Life Guards; the Circassians, who form the Emperor's personal escort; the Peter-Paul Grenadiers, who guard the Imperial Palace; and a detachment of Dragoons on the road to St. Petersburg; with a scene in one of the regimental schools of the Cossack troops.



THE COURT.

The Duchess of Albany, with Princess Alice and the young Duke of Albany, took leave of her Majesty yesterday week and returned to Claremont, attended by Miss Baillie. On the previous day, being the birthday of her Royal Highness, her Majesty's ship *Invincible*, guard-ship at Cowes (Captain Fane), fired a Royal salute. Lord John Manners (Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster) arrived at Osborne on Saturday, and had the honour of dining with the Queen. Captain Fane was also invited. On Sunday morning her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Prothero officiated, and administered the Holy Communion. The men-of-war at Portsmouth dressed with mast-head flags, Royal standards being hoisted at the dockyard gates, semaphore, the saluting battery, and on board the Duke of Wellington (whence Admiral Sir George Willes had transferred his flag to the *St. Vincent*), in honour of the birthday of the Princess Louise Victoria, of Wales. At one o'clock Royal salutes were fired from the flag-ship and the garrison battery, and from the *Invincible*. On Tuesday the Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, left Osborne for Windsor, which was reached shortly before two o'clock.

By the Queen's command all the members of the Government are to attend the Royal Drawingroom on March 3 next at Buckingham Palace, and those who have not heretofore been presented are to be on that occasion, and, with other distinguished personages, to have the right of *entrée*.

A medallion to the late Duke of Albany has been placed in Whippingham church, Isle of Wight, by the Queen. It is executed in white marble, and the head, which is in profile, is surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves, acorns, and thistles. The tablet bears the following inscription:—"To the loved memory of Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, who died at Cannes, in his 31st year, on March 28, 1884. 'All souls are thine; we must not say that those are dead who pass away.' This monument is placed by his sorrowing mother, Queen Victoria, A.D. 1886."

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Lord Balfour of Burleigh to be a Lord-in-Waiting to her Majesty, in the room of the Earl of Onslow, now Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The general arrangements of the Queen's visit to Birmingham and the Jubilee celebration were decided on Monday. It was agreed to allocate £3000 of the Jubilee fund to the Imperial Institute, to give a public reception to the Queen on the occasion of her visit on March 23 to lay the first stone of the new Law Courts, and to memorialise the occasion by a series of stained-glass windows in the Great Hall of the New Courts of Justice, representing incidents in her Majesty's reign; and upon the anniversary of the Accession to give a treat to the school children and the aged poor of the town. These objects will require a fund of between £9000 and £10,000. On the occasion of her visit her Majesty will stay in the town about four hours. She will alight at Smallheath Station at one o'clock, and drive round Smallheath Park, where the Board school children of the borough will be assembled. Thence her Majesty will proceed to the Townhall, where an address will be presented by the Mayor. Afterwards making a detour through the principal streets, the Queen will proceed to lay the stone on the Corporation-street site, and leave for Windsor by the 4.15 p.m. train.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

The marriage of Colonel W. Kenyon-Slaney (Grenadier Guards), M.P. for the Newport Division of Shropshire, and Lady Mabel Bridgeman, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, was solemnised at the parish church of Weston, near Shifnal on Tuesday afternoon. Lord Kenyon was the bridegroom's best man; and the five bridesmaids were the Hon. Beatrice, Margaret, Helena, and Florence Bridgeman, daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Newport; and the Hon. Margaret Lascelles, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Lascelles—all nieces of the bride. The Bishop of Lichfield officiated, assisted by Canon Bridgeman and the Rev. Lord Forester, both uncles of the bride. The Earl of Bradford gave his daughter away.

The marriage of Mr. William Henry Grenfell, of Taplow Court, Bucks, and Ethel, only child of the late Hon. Julian and Lady Adine Fane, was celebrated in St. George's Church, Hanover-square, on the 17th inst., in the presence of one of the largest congregations ever assembled in that building. Prince Albert Victor of Wales was present. The Earl of Wiltshire was the bridegroom's best man; and the six bridesmaids were Lady Alice Gore and Lady Margaret Fane, cousins of the bride; Miss Grenfell, sister, and Miss Maud Grenfell, cousin of the bridegroom; Lady Betty Lytton, and Miss Betty Ponsonby. The bride entered the church at one o'clock escorted by her uncle and guardian, the Hon. Henry Cowper who gave her away. The service was fully choral. The Bishop of London, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Capel Cure, M.A. Rector of St. George's.

The marriage of Captain Courtenay Bourchier Vyvyan, 2nd Battalion the Buffs, eldest son of the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan, Bart., of Treloarwarren, Cornwall, with Eva Catharine Forestier, eldest daughter of Major-General G. E. Walker, late commanding Royal Engineers in China, took place on the same day in Christ Church, Lancaster-gate. Mr. W. L. Vyvyan accompanied his brother as best man; and the bridesmaids were the Misses Ada, Camilla, and Vera Forestier Walker, sisters of the bride, Miss Vyvyan, sister of the bridegroom, and the Misses Zoë, Agnes, and Alfreda Bowen. The Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan, Bart., father of the bridegroom, officiated assisted by the Dean of Raphoe; General Walker giving his daughter away.

The marriage of Mr. Thomas B. H. Cochrane, of Quarr Abbey, Isle of Wight (second son of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B.), and the Lady Adela Rous, third daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Stradbroke, took place in St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, last Saturday, in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation. Mr. Hugh Graham, second son of Sir Frederick and Lady Hermione Graham, attended the bridegroom as best man; and the eight bridesmaids were Ladies Sophia, Hilda, and Gwendoline Rous, sisters of the bride; Miss Cochrane and Miss Minnie Cochrane, sisters of the bridegroom; Lady Maud Conyngham, Lady Evelyn Curzon, and the Hon. Agneta Astley Master George and Master Jack Fane, nephews of the bride, acted as pages. The bride was conducted to the chancel by her half brother, Colonel Bonham, in the absence of the Earl of Stradbroke in India. The service was choral. The Hon. and Rev. George W. Bourke, Rector of Pulborough, Sussex, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. Baden-Powell, Precentor of St. Paul's. The Countess of Stradbroke gave her daughter away.

"C. F. M." has sent a donation of £1000 to the London Missionary Society as a Queen's Jubilee offering.

It is officially announced at Cairo that the Egyptian Government have been compelled to abandon the scheme for the abolition of the *Corvée*. Arrangements have been made for permitting the employment of paid labour.

EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

LOSS OF LIFE.

Two shocks of earthquake, each lasting for some seconds, were experienced at Nice on Wednesday morning, about six o'clock. Houses, even of a substantial nature, and the hotels rocked, walls were cracked, and many buildings collapsed. The utmost alarm prevailed. The panic-stricken people ran into the streets after the first shock, some only partially dressed. The second shock, which was more severe than the first, increased the panic. Many persons were struck by the falling débris. Two houses in the Saint Etienne and Saint Philippe fell in, three persons being buried in the ruins. The Maison Bourke has also fallen in. Nice was crowded with English visitors. The Prince of Wales was at Cannes, and quite safe. Telegrams received at Nice state that the shock was felt at about the same hour at Cannes, Monaco, Monte Carlo, and even as far as Genoa. At Monte Carlo some rocks in the cliff were disturbed by the earthquake and precipitated into the sea.

Later telegrams stated that shocks were experienced about the same hour at Leghorn, Milan, Marseilles, Geneva, Avignon, Toulon, and in other towns. Several persons are stated to have been killed and injured at Mentone, which was also visited by the shocks.

TOWN FLOWERS.

Go, traverse some dreary quarter,  
The home of us toiling folk—  
A desert of brick and mortar,  
'Neath skies of unlifting smoke;  
Can we hope in that sullen dun light?  
Can we breathe in that stagnant air?  
Is there ever a ray of sunlight?  
Ah, yes! there are children there

There, under the factory shadows,  
There, out in the squalid street,  
As gay as in cowslip-meadows,  
Run pattering, dancing feet;  
And the jubilant laughter pealing  
From spirits that know not care,  
Is a Gospel of hope and healing  
To souls that would else despair.

Thank God! in these weary places,  
For blossoming dreams and joys;  
For the fair, unfurrowed faces  
Of blithe little girls and boys;  
For the pure and the saving leaven  
Of innocent smiles and tears;  
And the air that from childhood's heaven  
Blows over our sinful years.

Oh, deep beyond gauge or guessing,  
In lives that are coarse and low,  
Are the grace and the tender blessing  
The hands of a child bestow!  
They consecrate every trial,  
They lighten the labour sore,  
And they teach us that self-denial  
Is noblest of human lore.

All day we are thrusting, wrestling,  
Each eager to grasp and get;  
At evening the child comes nestling,  
Our helpless and pleading pet;  
And the cynical lore of living  
Must melt in a nobler creed;  
Not getting, we feel, but giving  
Is blessing and gain indeed.

No drunkard, or rogue, or scornor  
So hard and so all-defiled  
But keeps in his heart some corner  
Still soft to a little child.  
And, nursing his pet of seven,  
And stroking his shining hair,  
He is yet within touch of Heaven,  
And kin to the Father there.

F. LANGBRIDGE.

For a free library in Lambeth it has been resolved to raise £2800 by a halfpenny rate.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein attended an entertainment given at Lowther Lodge, Kensington Gore, on Tuesday afternoon, on behalf of the East London Nursing Society (of which her Royal Highness is president), and Mrs. Walsham How's Industrial Home.

The monument to the memory of the late Joseph Maas, in Hampstead Cemetery, is completed, and was open to public inspection last Sunday afternoon. It is the work of Mr. James Currie, sculptor, of Oxford-street, Hyde Park. The interest of the money in hand, after defraying all expenses, will "be devoted to an annual prize, to be called the 'Joseph Maas Memorial Prize, to be given to the best tenor vocalist, being a British subject, studying at any public school of music, at the discretion of the trustees; the award to be made after competition."

The annual festival on behalf of the funds of the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution for Aged Freemasons and Widows of Freemasons was held on Tuesday night at Freemasons' Tavern, under the presidency of Mr. W. W. B. Beach, M.P., Provincial Grand Master of Hants and the Isle of Wight. A very strong appeal having been made to the Craft for subscriptions to the institution, on account of there being 130 candidates for election in May to the annuity of £40 to the men and £32 to the widows, for whom there are at present only six vacancies, the result of the festival was a total sum of over £18,700. Of this sum the Lodges and Masons of the London district subscribed £9554, and those of the provinces £9146.

Easy, pleasant, and droll is the reading provided in *Holiday Tasks*: by James Payn (Chatto and Windus), and such reading acts like a tonic on jaded souls, with whom daily life is too heavy to let them find comfort and consolation in profound or pretentious literature. The writer has evidently had a wide experience of men and things, and, for all his lightness of touch, for all his fun, for all his levity even, there is an undertone of seriousness in many of his amusing little essays, though there may be some of that solemn manner which characterised the preacher who taught that "all is vanity"; he is rather the laughing philosopher, who holds that it is not only possible but meet "ridemnt dicere verum." In this collection of short papers, the realities of life, the ordinary details of daily existence, are chiefly handled; but the style of treatment and the comments invest them with a certain novelty and peculiar interest, and bear ample testimony to the author's keenness of observation, worldly knowledge, shrewdness, kindness, and humour. The papers have been gathered together from such well-known and highly esteemed publications as the *Times*, the *Cornhill*, *Longman's*, *Chambers's Journal*, and the *North American Review*.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury bore with philosophic equanimity the fog and the speech of the Earl of Dunraven in the House of Lords on the Seventeenth of February. As is his custom, the Prime Minister now and then exchanged a jocose word with beaming Lord Cranbrook when Lord Dunraven's explanation of his reasons for resigning became unduly protracted, and drummed the floor impatiently with his feet while his Lordship pleaded for greater economy in administration. Yet Lord Dunraven's address, calmly delivered from the second bench above Ministers, was of some importance. It was a distinct endeavour to raise the standard of Lord Randolph Churchill in the Upper House. Lord Dunraven declared, indeed, that he resigned office, not alone because he strongly favoured reduction of national expenditure, but also because he objected to the measure of coercion projected for Ireland, and considered it urgently necessary to push forward Government Allotment and County Administrative Bills. The Marquis of Salisbury indulged in a little quiet irony in reply. As the noble Lord, he said, could not be in the secrets of the Cabinet as to the nature of the measures to be brought forward, the Premier could only congratulate him upon his début as a "Thought-reader." It may be added that Lord Dunraven's place as Under-Secretary for the Colonies has been taken by the Earl of Onslow, a courtly young Peer endowed with the suavity essential for the post.

The Lords continue to legislate while the Commons fruitlessly talk. In the consideration of the Lunacy Acts Amendment Bill in Committee, on Monday, the sound common-sense of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Selborne gave value to the discussion. Illegal detention of sane persons on the pretence of lunacy should be almost impossible when this measure, in which Lord Grimthorpe also takes a lively interest, becomes law. Lord Harris, on Tuesday, made the avowal that the cutlass-bayonets lately found defective were manufactured at Solingen, in Germany. I have little doubt the Ministry is doing its utmost to test the efficiency of our weapons of war. The lessons of bending bayonets at home, and of clogging cartridges and jammed Gardner guns in the Soudan, demonstrate the imperative need (as Lord Charles Beresford would be foremost to admit) of most stringently examining rifles and swords, and cannon and machine-guns alike. Ere their Lordships adjourned, the Earl of Derby more than hinted dislike at the liberation of 25,000 prisoners in India to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. But this act of mercy was amply justified by those distinguished Viceroys of the past, Lord Lytton and the Marquis of Ripon, on the score that the similar release of convicts in 1877 afforded general satisfaction in India—an argument repeated in the explanatory telegram which Lord Cross read from the Earl of Dufferin.

Lord Salisbury wisely loses no opportunity of maintaining the *esprit de corps* of the Conservative Party. It said much for the Parliamentary zeal of noble Lords and hon. members that, whereas they might have been gaily battling with flowers at Nice in the congenial company of the Prince of Wales days before the earthquake shocks drove English visitors from the South of France, they should have assembled in large numbers at the Foreign Office to hold council with the Prime Minister. The noble Marquis, with reason, plumed the Government on Mr. W. H. Smith's success as Leader of the House, and upon the accession of Mr. Goschen to the Cabinet; and appealed to the meeting to support the Government Procedure proposals, designed to strengthen the Speaker's hands; adding with regard to the promised Irish legislation that "part will probably be founded upon the labours of the Royal Commission, but the first business will be the strengthening of the law."

In the Commons, the way was cleared for the Procedure debate by the Speaker, whose prompt ruling subdues even cool and collected Mr. Parnell himself. The right hon. gentleman on the Seventeenth nipped in the bud the debate Mr. Dillwyn sought to raise on the alleged packing of the Dublin jury for the trial of Mr. Dillon and his associates, assigning as a reason that Mr. Sexton had given notice of a similar motion. Mr. W. H. Smith's remarkably neat and apt speech, applying that the Procedure debate should have precedence, called up certain Welsh members (notably Mr. Richard and Sir E. Reed) with wrathful remonstrances against the injustice that would be done to Wales by the postponement of the motion respecting Disestablishment. It was while Mr. Labouchere in his liveliest vein was hitting out right and left against Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen that Prince Albert Victor's tall figure was recognised in the Peers' Gallery. His Royal Highness manifested great interest in the smart proceedings. Mr. Bright, it was noticed, voted with the Government against Mr. Richard. The Ministerial majority of 103 was increased to 135 in the division on Mr. Parnell's amendment, the aim of which was to secure certain Wednesdays for Irish measures. Later in the evening, Mr. Dillon and others sought to further prolong the debate on the Address. But the Speaker firmly put the Closure into practice; and the forlorn Address was eventually sanctioned by 283 against 70 votes. The next (Friday) evening, on the report, Mr. Labouchere showed characteristic ability in moving an addition to the Address practically censuring the Government for their endeavour to maintain Prince Alexander on the throne of Bulgaria. But the policy of the Ministry was skillfully defended by Sir J. Fergusson, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Lord John Manners, who vivaciously answered Sir W. Harcourt's philippics. Mr. Labouchere's motion being negatived, the Address was passed.

Monday opened in the Commons with two events of personal interest. Mr. J. Slagg (chosen by a majority of 545 over Mr. Thursby, the Conservative Unionist candidate) was cheered by the Opposition when he re-entered the House as member for Burnley; and Mr. Gladstone, after a fortnight's holiday, resumed his seat, looking well and hearty. Mr. Mundella interposed his grandiose individuality to inflict a personal explanation upon his hearers. But Procedure soon eclipsed even this imposing personage. Mr. Smith succinctly opened the debate on the reform of Procedure by moving the first resolution. Its terms were wordy. But the main Ministerial proposal amounted to this:—that, with the consent of the Speaker, any member be empowered to move that the Closure be applied, and that the motion should be forthwith put to the vote, provided the Closure be supported by "more than 200 members," or be "opposed by less than 40 members" when "supported by more than 100 members." In the ensuing discussion of the main principles of the Procedure proposals, Mr. Gladstone had grave doubts of their efficacy, believing that devolution of business to Grand Committees would save more time than increasing the labours of the Speaker. "Reconstruction of the legislative machine" was naturally recommended by Mr. Parnell. Mr. Goschen's polemical speech elicited a polemical reply from Sir W. Harcourt. Perhaps, the most sensible suggestions fell from Lord Hartington, who approved the Government propositions generally, but inclined to shortened speeches, to Closure by a bare majority, and to further trial of the system of committees. Mr. Smith once again exhibited good leadership by stemming the tide of discursiveness that was setting in



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Small wonder that the Gaiety is crowded night after night, for, quite apart from the brilliancy and attractiveness of the entertainment, that is consistently bright and varied, it contains at least three artists who must be a delight to all who appreciate the difference between active cleverness and handsome imbecility. It is a treat to go to a burlesque nowadays that is something more than a prize show of sublimated stupidity, a vast vista of inane expression, a beatification of brainlessness; and to find in such artists as Mr. F. Leslie and Miss E. Farren the acute talent that, if applied elsewhere, would adorn the highest form of English comedy. Mr. Leslie is a true artist, whose efforts to amuse give one continual and continued pleasure. He was excellent when "Monte Cristo" was first produced, and he is even better now—alert, inventive, spontaneous, quick, and imitative. Mr. Leslie, with his astonishing versatility, and his talent at ready suggestion, must possess the same kind of gift as was owned by the elder Mathews. He is admirably fertile in resource, and as a pure comedian has few equals on the stage. Add to these mimetic gifts a knowledge of music and an excellently melodious voice, and it cannot be very surprising that with such assistance an evening passes very pleasantly away. New songs, social allusions, and encore verses have been allotted to Mr. Leslie, who never wearies over what he is doing. He seems to enjoy the fun as much as his audience. By his side is the incomparable Miss Farren, whose talent has already exhausted the vocabulary of critical praise. In her line she is unequalled; on the Gaiety stage she can do just what she likes. She is the spoiled child of the public, and commands them with a smile. It is pleasant, however, to notice that she seizes every opportunity of showing that behind the comic mask there is a reserve of power; outside this clever folly there is a desire for something serious and natural, as is shown in the dramatic finale of Act I. In order to add to the interest of the burlesque, and to please those patrons who go again and again, and night after night, Miss Farren has introduced a clever medley of her old successful songs, such as "I'll strike you with a feather," and the crutch-and-toothpick song, which show how the vulgarest music-hall doggerel can be made pleasant and acceptable by an artist. And there is a third feature in "Monte Cristo," that may assuredly be called artistic and delightful in the highest sense: and that is the dancing of Miss Sylvia Grey. What a contrast is this, with its delicacy and taste, its refinement and modesty, to the coarse tumbling and noisy breakdowns that are the only stock-in-trade of less intelligent people! This young lady, with her pleasant face and modest manner, never for an instant suggests that she has any care to dance, except to please those whose natures are refined, and who prefer elegance to mere muscular effort. Miss Sylvia Grey is one of the very few who has successfully followed in the delightful school of Kate Vaughan; and she improves and gives new pleasure every time she reappears. A very considerable portion of the attractiveness of the burlesque depends upon such artistic features as these; and they should put to shame the crude efforts to attract by scanty attire and such deplorable devices. If the young ladies who pride themselves on their unblushing defiance of the rules of modesty and propriety could only sit in the stalls and see themselves as others see them, they would rush shamefaced and humiliated to their dressing-rooms and implore the managerial pardon for their mistaken zeal in a worthless and insupportable cause. For the insignificant ten that they please, the greater twenty they surprise and grieve; and it is a pleasant reflection that taste is gradually inclining towards what is pretty, modest, and graceful, instead of what is bold, brassy, and defiant. Entertainments such as "Monte Cristo" and "Dorothy" are a thousand times better than the burlesques they have supplanted and put in the shade. Now-a-days, choristers and extras are chosen for their vocal and semi-histrionic talent, not for their mere beauty or symmetry. Miss Marion Hood, who is deservedly a great Gaiety favourite, has come back from the Prince of Wales's, and Mr. E. J. Lonnen is advancing in popularity.

Mr. Malcolm Salaman has thought out, constructed, and written a bright little farce called "Dimity's Dilemma," that appropriately begins the evening. The story of a father who bears the same name as his son, and whose identity is mistaken for that of his boy, is quite sufficient for the purposes of a farce that runs along merrily, is brightly written, and not too long. Mr. Stone has the best part in it; but Miss "Billee Barlow"—hideously unattractive name for a pretty girl—shows that she has considerable skill in comedy, in which she is seen to great advantage.

I shall have no opportunity of discussing Mr. Henry Irving's reading of "Hamlet" for the benefit of the Birkbeck Institution this week; but I may be permitted to prophesy that amongst his audience will be found a very good sprinkling of the clergy of all denominations. Conscientiously opposed to the theatre, or, rather, unwilling to enter one for fear of giving offence to those who lean on them, many of the clergy regret that Shakspeare acted in a closed book to them. They have heard so often of Henry Irving that they long to see him. This opportunity was afforded at the "Hamlet" reading, when Protestant clergymen and Catholic priests sat side by side, and studied once more a mighty play under the guidance of a brilliant intellect.

I am delighted to hear that Sir Charles Young, who is sadly out of health, has been able to finish another play for the Haymarket, and that it is highly spoken of. The date of its production is not quite fixed, but in all probability "Hard Hit" will be followed by a revival, in order to give an opportunity for the rehearsals of the successor to "Jim the Penman." The next revival of importance will be "Lady Clancarty," at the St. James's, which will be mounted, dressed, and stage-managed as it has never been before, notwithstanding the fact that Tom Taylor, at the outset, was his own stage-manager. Mr. John Hare has worked at the direction of this play with characteristic and indefatigable vigour; and I hear that the dresses, designed by Marcus Stone, R.A., are lovely. The treasures and antiquities of Hampton Court have been ransacked to give us furniture, chairs, tables, glasses, and bedsteads of the exact time of Dutch William, who is one of the important characters in the play.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, delivered his lecture on Burmah to a very large audience at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Messrs. Coenen and Wiener will give, next Wednesday evening, the first of two concerts at Prince's Hall, the programme comprising their own performances, respectively, as pianist and violinist.

In consideration of the continued low value of farm produce, it is Lord Fitzwilliam's intention to return to continuing tenants holding over twenty acres of land 25 per cent of their rents payable this year.—Sir Robert Jardine, Bart., has reduced the rent of his Dumfriesshire tenants for the next three years from 10 to 20 per cent.—Mr. Hope Johnstone, of Annandale, has permanently reduced the rents of numerous farms from 10 to 25 per cent.—The Earl of Mansfield has also granted a substantial abatement to his tenants in Dumfriesshire.

## MUSIC.

The Monday evening Popular Concert of this week brought back Dr. Joachim, whose reappearance at St. James's Hall was welcomed by a large and enthusiastic audience; the return of the great violinist to the locale with which he has for many years been associated being one of the principal specialties of London music. His solo was Schumann's fantasia, op. 131, dedicated to Herr Joachim, for whom it was written, and by whom it was first performed. It is a dry and laboured production, belonging to Schumann's closing years, when his genius was obscured. The great difficulties of the piece were surmounted with rare skill in Monday's performance; the pianoforte accompaniment, transcribed from the original orchestral score, having been well played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, who was the solo pianist of the evening. An encore of the fantasia was replied to by Dr. Joachim playing an unaccompanied piece. Other features of the programme call for no comment, beyond mentioning that vocal pieces were effectively rendered by Mr. Shakespeare. At the Popular Concert of the previous Saturday afternoon, Mozart's clarinet quintet was finely performed, the principal instrument having been sustained by Mr. Lazarus, in association with MM. Straus, L. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti. Miss Fanny Davies was the solo pianist, and Mrs. and Mr. Henschel contributed vocal duets. Madame Schumann is expected to appear at the afternoon concert of March 5, and at the first concert of the Philharmonic Society on March 10.

The second Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concert of the year took place last week, when two items of the programme were given for the first time there; these were a concert overture by Mr. F. K. Hattersley and the scene of Klingor's magic garden and the flower maidens from Wagner's "Parsifal," his last stage work. Both these pieces have before been commented on—the first in reference to its production at last year's Leeds Festival, and the other in reference to the performance of the "Parsifal" music at the Royal Albert Hall in 1884. The overture derived its full effect from the performance of the Crystal Palace band on Saturday (conducted by Mr. Manns), as did the extract from Wagner's work, the grace and charm of which give an agreeable relief to the generally sombre tone of the other portions of "Parsifal." The scene referred to (which in the original includes vocal music) has been skilfully adapted for concert use by Herr E. Steinbach, and in this shape was given on Saturday. Madame Falk-Mehlig gave an artistic rendering of Chopin's first pianoforte concerto; the programme having also included Liszt's adaptation, with orchestra, of Weber's pianoforte polonaise; vocal solos contributed by Mr. Sims Reeves, and Beethoven's eighth symphony (in F).

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave the second concert of the second season at the Westminster Townhall last week, when the performances, under the able conductorship of Mr. Charles Stewart Macpherson, were significant of the progress made by the society. A feature of the programme was the rendering, by Mr. J. E. Hambleton, of Sir Arthur Sullivan's violoncello concerto, an early work of a pleasing character, although inferior to the composer's subsequent productions. Other items made up an agreeable concert.

Mr. Walter Bache's recital, on Monday afternoon, at St. James's Hall, was the seventeenth occasion of the kind at which he has manifested his skill as a pianist and his earnest study of all schools and periods of the art, old and modern. His programme on Monday comprised several pieces by Liszt, whose music Mr. Bache has done so much towards making known in this country. The "Fantasia quasi sonata" ("après une Lecture de Dante"), and some studies, were the solo pieces; the other extract from Liszt having been an arrangement, for two pianofortes, of the orchestral "symphonic poem," entitled "Mazeppa," in which Mr. Bache had the skilful co-operation of Mr. Frits Hartvigson. This last-named piece has often been heard under its original conditions, in which it is necessarily more effective than when deprived of the varieties of orchestral colouring. Mr. Bache's programme also included his performance of a prelude and fugue by Bach, Beethoven's variations in E flat, Op. 35, and Mendelssohn's capriccio in F sharp minor.

A concert was given at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday afternoon in aid of the funds of Guy's Hospital, the date having been postponed from Jan. 24, on account of the death of the Earl of Idlesleigh. The programme comprised a varied selection of vocal music effectively rendered by Mdlle. Antoinette Trebelli, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Chilley, Mr. B. Pierpoint, and Mr. Santley; Mr. S. Naylor and M. Albert having, respectively, contributed skilful pianoforte and violoncello performances.

Mr. De Lara gave the third of his vocal recitals at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon, when there was a good attendance.

A grand sacred concert was organised by Mr. John Boosey for Ash Wednesday, at St. James's Hall; a performance of "The Messiah" having been announced by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society for the same evening.

The thirteenth of Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts," at St. James's Hall, took place on Thursday evening, when Dr. Joachim was announced to play Brahms's violin concerto. On the same evening a new composition by Dr. Stainer, entitled "The Crucifixion—a Meditation on the Sacred Passion of the Holy Redeemer," was to be produced at Marylebone Church.

Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" (in oratorio form) was announced for performance yesterday (Friday) evening, at St. James's Hall, by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The work has been so little heard for many years that the occasion was one of special interest. It occurred too late for notice this week.

"The Messiah" was performed at the Albert Palace last Saturday evening, under the direction of Mr. William Carter, with the co-operation of his excellent choir, an orchestra, and Madame Antoinette Sterling, Miss P. Winter, Mr. Tomes, and Mr. W. Mills, as solo vocalists. Mr. Tomes, who is comparatively a new-comer, was very successful in the display of an agreeable tenor voice and good style.

The Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society give a concert this (Saturday) evening, at St. James's Hall.

The fifth (and last but one) of Novello's Oratorio Concerts, at St. James's Hall, will take place next Tuesday evening, when the programme will comprise Mr. Cowen's cantata "The Sleeping Beauty" and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. On the same evening Mr. W. Carter will give one of his National Festival Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, in celebration of St. David's Day.

At the Royal Albert Hall, next Tuesday evening (St. David's Day), will be given a Welsh Festival, under the direction of Mr. William Carter.

An evening concert, under the patronage of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and of the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr-Glyn, Vicar of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, will be given in the Townhall, Kensington, next Tuesday, March 1, for a charitable purpose. The programme is a very attractive one.

## THE RUBY MINES OF BURMAH.

We published last week two Views of Mogok, the centre of the Ruby Mines district in Upper Burmah, from sketches by an officer in the expedition sent, under the command of Major-General White, to take possession of that district, arriving at Mogok just after Christmas Day. Our large Engraving, in one of the two supplementary half-sheets this week, is from a sketch of the troops arrived at Webong; for which we are indebted to Mr. George Skelton Streeter, who, with Mr. Hill, accompanied the expedition for the purpose of inspection and valuation of the mines on account of Mr. Edwin W. Streeter, of 18, New Bond-street, and 34, Holborn Viaduct, the well-known authority on precious stones. The following are extracts from letters received from Mr. G. S. Streeter, giving some further information upon this interesting subject:—

"The drawing which I send you represents the troops on their way to the Ruby Mines. We had to pass through the gorge in order to enter the Mogok valley, where we found three miles of stockade most carefully prepared, but deserted. This gorge is known as Toun-mee-dyak, and reaches an elevation of 6500 ft. On it are some most wonderful rocks, which are continually seen towering up some 30 ft. above the elevation; but at the top they are only one foot thick, and have natural windows or doors in them, which were adroitly turned into positions of defence. On Dec. 27, on the hills overlooking Mogok, we camped, and saw the town deserted. However, some Pathans were sent to bring in the people, who were hiding in the jungle; and for two days we saw the people flocking back. Up to the present time, Jan. 1, two thirds of them have returned, but none of the head men. It may be interesting to know that there are three distinct ways of working the mines in the Mogok Valley. First, by washing the ruby-bearing earth from between the gigantic rocks on the hillside by means of water brought from a higher level; secondly, by excavating old river beds from the valley, at a depth of 4 ft. and again at a depth of from 15 ft. to 30 ft.; thirdly, by tunnelling in the rock. It is, however, a moot question whether these ruby mines are not exhausted after having been worked five hundred years. Out of all the rubies that come into this country, there are really very few fine ones to be obtained. The ruby may well be called the 'gem of precious stones'; for if half a dozen fine rubies of, say, five or six carats were wanted, they could not be found for any money; whereas, for any of the other precious stones, the order could no doubt be executed."

## OBITUARY.

## VISCOUNTESS CARDWELL.

The Right Hon. Annie, Viscountess Cardwell, died on the 20th inst., at No. 74, Eaton-square, aged seventy-two. Her Ladyship was youngest daughter of Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, of Fairlie, Ayrshire, and married, Aug. 14, 1838, the late distinguished statesman Edward Cardwell, afterwards Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State for War in 1868, who was raised to the Peerage as Viscount Cardwell in 1874, and died in 1886, without issue.

## SIR GEORGE STRAHAN, G.C.M.G.

Sir George Cumine Strahan, G.C.M.G., Governor-Elect of Hong-Kong, and late Governor of Tasmania, died at Bournemouth, on the 17th inst. He was born in November, 1838, the son of the Rev. W. D. Strahan, entered the Royal Artillery in 1857, and was A.D.C. to the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles (Mr. Gladstone) in 1859, and to Sir Henry Storks, when holding the same office. From 1864 to 1867 he served as A.D.C. to Sir Henry Storks, then Governor of Madras, and in 1867-8 acted as Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta. From 1868 to 1874 he was Colonial Secretary of the Bahamas; and from 1874 to 1876, Governor of the Gold Coast. In the latter year he was transferred to the Governorship of the Windward Islands; and from 1880 to 1886 held the appointment of Governor of Tasmania. Sir George married, in 1877, Catherine Livingstone, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Reade, of New York, and became a widower in the following year. At one time he exercised the functions of High Commissioner for South Africa.

We have also to record the deaths of—

General James Bell, H.M. Madras Army, on the 20th inst., aged eighty-five.

Mr. George Henry Haigh, of Gainsby Hall, Lincolnshire, and Aberia, Merionethshire, J.P. and D.L., aged fifty-six.

Mr. John Scott Bushe, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of Trinidad, on the 24th ult.

Colonel George Charles De Prée, late Bengal Artillery, Surveyor-General of India, on the 18th inst.

Major-General Charles Shaw De Neufville Lucas, Royal, late Bombay, Artillery, on the 16th inst., aged fifty-seven. He served in the Indian Mutiny.

Mr. Richard Winter Reynell, of Killynon, in the county of Westmeath, D.L., on the same day as his sister, Lady Aylmer, above mentioned. He was once well known amongst cattle breeders. His younger brother, Samuel Reynell, of Archers-town, for upwards of thirty years Master of the famous Meath Hunt, earned the name of the "Nimrod of the Chase."

Mr. Charles Hyde Hume-Purves of Purves, N.B., heir-presumptive to the baronetcy of Purves, on the 19th inst., at Bournemouth, aged thirty-seven. He was son of the late Colonel John Hume-Purves, Comptroller of the Household of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, and cousin of the present Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Bart.

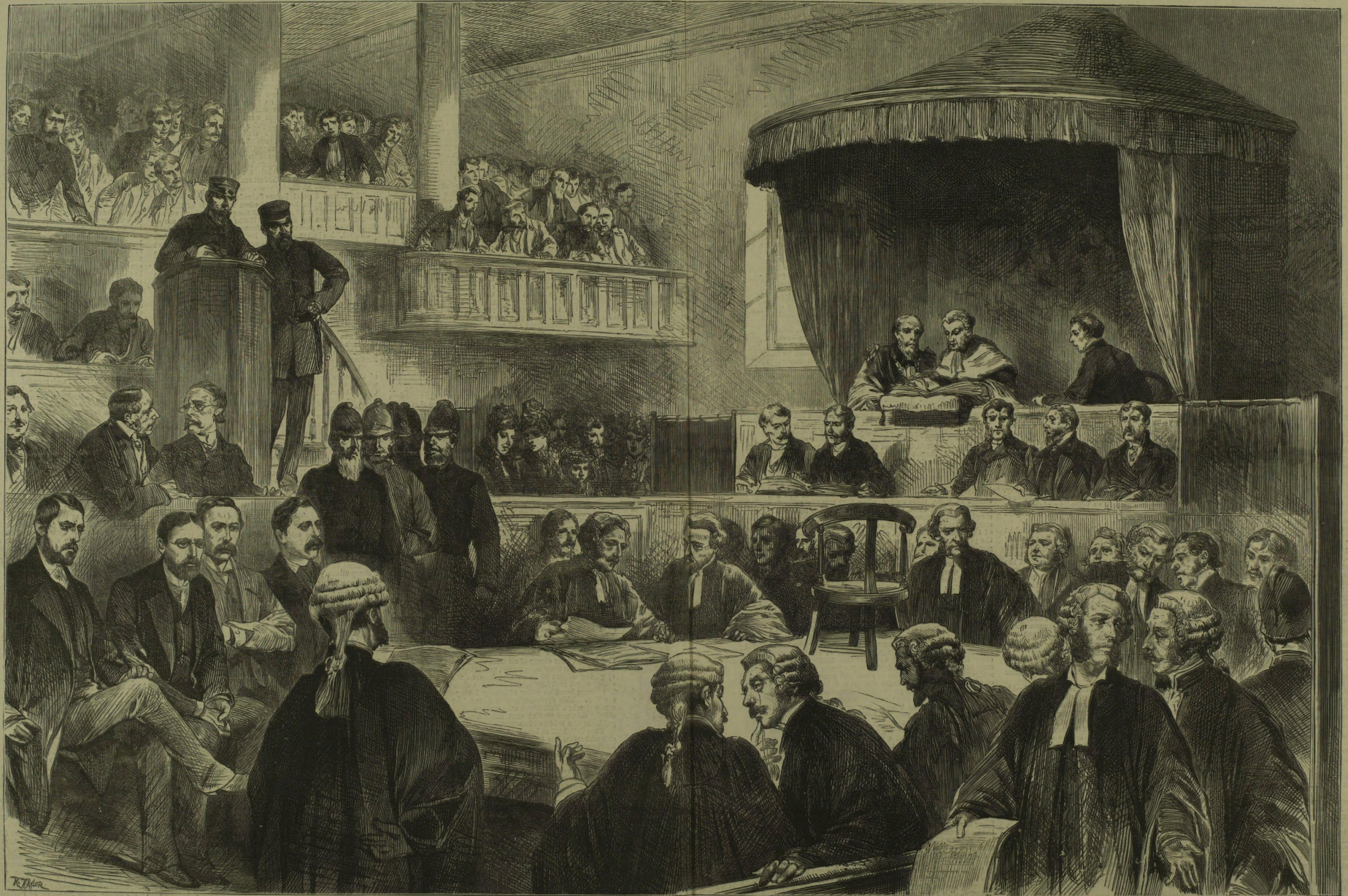
Martha, Lady Aylmer, widow of Sir Arthur Percy Aylmer, twelfth Baronet, of Donadea and Allen, in the county of Kildare, and daughter of the late Mr. Richard Reynell, of Killynon, on the 3rd inst., at Park View, Cork. She leaves a numerous family; one of her sons is Captain Aylmer, who was for some years M.P. for Maidstone. Her grandson is the present possessor of the title.

Mr. James Johnston, of Coubister, J.P. and Commissioner of Supply for Orkney, on the 11th inst., at his residence, Orphir House, Orkney, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. He served as midshipman on board the gun-boat *Strenuous*, which was stationed in the Baltic in 1813, and commanded by his brother-in-law, Captain John Nugent (son of Count Nugent of Balynacor). His eldest brother, Lieutenant Henry Johnston, R.N., having died unmarried, Mr. Johnston, in 1821, on the death of his father, John Johnston, of Coubister, succeeded to the family estates of Cava (island), Coubister, and Gyre, since when, with the exception of occasional visits to Scotland and Ireland, he resided in the islands, and devoted his time to the improvement of his estate. Mr. Johnston was the lineal representative of an old Norse family, and descended, through the Honymans of Gramsay and Bishop Graham, from the Earls of Montrose and the Royal Stuarts. Mr. Johnston leaves a widow and six sons and two daughters: James, the eldest son, succeeding to the estate.

Shortly after midnight on Wednesday morning the thirty-first anniversary banquet of the benevolent branch of the Dramatic and Musical Sick Fund was held at Willis's Rooms.



Lord Mayor.  
Mr. T. D. Sullivan. Mr. Justice Murphy.



Mr. J. Dillon, M.P.

Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P. Mr. D. Shesly, M.P. Mr. D. Cullly, M.P.

Mr. T. Harrington, M.P. Mr. T. Hall, M.P.

Solicitor-General, Mr. Gibbon.

THE STATE PROSECUTIONS IN IRELAND: THE SCENE IN GREEN-STREET COURT HOUSE, DUBLIN.



## THE STATE PROSECUTIONS AT DUBLIN.

The trial of five Irish members of Parliament, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., Mr. Daniel Crilly, M.P., and Mr. William Redmond, M.P., before Mr. Justice Murphy, the Judge appointed to sit in the court opened by Special Commission, in the Green-street Court-house at Dublin, has been going on daily since Monday week; and the case for the prosecution terminated on Saturday last.

The defendants, or "traversers" as they are styled in this court, are charged with the misdemeanour of a criminal conspiracy "to defeat and hinder the administration of justice"; in four counts of the indictment, the charge is that "they combined to induce tenants who have been lawfully evicted from farms forcibly to take possession"; and in another count, "to combine and solicit numbers of persons to enter into a combination amongst themselves by unlawful means, and to exclude from social intercourse persons who had taken farms from which others had been evicted." The Grand Jury had returned a true bill on all the counts, with the exception of the fifth count, in which there is "no bill." The fifth count charged the defendants with "conspiring by soliciting tenants in consideration of payment of rent to refuse to pay rent which they were lawfully bound to pay, and by soliciting the said tenants to conspire to obstruct and defeat the execution of lawful writs of *fi fa*, and writs of possession, and by soliciting said tenants to refuse costs, and to compel owners to accept less than the lawful rents." The Judge instructed the Grand Jury that they were to assume as a matter of law that for two or more persons to conspire, combine, and agree to solicit tenants to do what is stated above, constitutes a misdemeanour, being a criminal conspiracy. The first count alleges that the defendants did conspire, combine, and agree together to solicit, incite, and procure numbers of persons called tenants, in violation of their contract of tenantry, to refuse to pay and not to pay to the owners of lands rents which they contracted to pay. The evidence must lead to the conclusion that there was a combination, plan, or agreement, amongst the defendants to do what is complained of. It was not at all necessary that it should be proved that the defendants expressly entered into such agreement; that is, that they met and agreed, "We shall do so and so." It would be sufficient that the defendants, being aware that such a movement was, to use the phrase, "on foot," actively exerted themselves to advance and extend it—that is, supposing that one of them first started it himself, the others observing it, and approving of it, lent their aid to advance the same measure.

At the commencement of the trial, when the Judge took his seat on the bench, he was accompanied by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. The general audience was but scanty, and did not increase on subsequent days. The counsel for the defendants took their places at the end of the table nearest the jury-box, consisting of Mr. Samuel Walker, Q.C., ex-Attorney-General; Messrs. O'Riordan, Q.C., Richard Adams, D. B. Sullivan, Timothy Healy, M.P., Timothy Harrington, M.P., and Edmond Leamy. They were followed by the counsel for the Crown, Mr. Gibson, Q.C., M.P., Solicitor-General; Mr. Serjeant O'Brien, Messrs. Dodd, Q.C., Gerrard, Q.C., and Harte. When the defendants reached the entrance of the court they were loudly cheered by a crowd which had assembled outside. They sat at the bar in front of the dock, and often engaged in animated but subdued conversation with each other. With the exception of Mr. Dillon, they all looked remarkably well, and in excellent spirits. After the first day or two, several of the defendants were absent, having gone to London and appearing in the House of Commons; others came into court occasionally, for a short time; but the five together were not seen in court.

The Solicitor-General opened the case on Wednesday week, the first two days having been occupied in discussing objections to the mode of impanelling the jury and in selecting the jurors, many of whom were rejected by the Crown Solicitor. The witnesses called on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday were mostly sergeants of police and Government reporters, who read extracts of speeches made by the defendants at the "Plan of Campaign" meetings in Galway and Mayo, since last October, and who also deposed to the seizure of the Land League books and papers at Loughrea. These witnesses, especially the shorthand writers, were severely cross-examined by counsel for the defendants. On Monday last, the case for the defence was opened with speeches by Mr. S. Walker, Q.C., Mr. O'Riordan, Q.C., Mr. Adams, and Mr. Sullivan; and Mr. Healy addressed the jury on Tuesday, followed by Mr. Leamy and Mr. Harrington. The chief argument put forth against the indictment was, that the tenants' money, collected under the "Plan of Campaign," was not the landlords' rent; but there was a good deal of declamation, and reference was made to the fact that the Roman Catholic Archbishops, Dr. Walsh and Dr. Croke, have written letters expressing their sympathy with the defendants, whose conduct was admired by "the whole Irish race all over the world." On Wednesday, Mr. Serjeant O'Brien replied on behalf of the Crown, no witnesses having been called for the defence. The Judge had refused to admit evidence concerning the mediation of the Government, or of Sir Redvers Buller in Kerry, to persuade some landlords to accept less than the amount due of arrears of rent on their estates.

The sixty-first exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy opened last Saturday. The total number of works of all kinds is 927, against 1167 last year.

The Rev. Joseph Hirst Lupton, M.A., has been elected, at Cambridge, to the office of Hulsean Lecturer for the ensuing year.

The Fishmongers' Company has voted 25 guineas towards the £1000 being asked for by the committee of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

The Bishop of Rochester presided on Monday last at a largely attended meeting of his Diocesan Society, when the following grants were made:—£120 for the enlargement of Halling parish; £120 for the enlargement of Christ Church, New Malden; £200 for mission buildings; and £1060 for the salaries of living agents for the March quarter.

It appears from a Parliamentary return that the total of all ranks present at militia training in 1886 was 105,586; the number absent from training with leave was 5448, and the number absent without leave, 10,542. The total number enrolled was set down at the date of inspection as 122,423, the establishment number being 137,341.

Her Majesty, having been informed of the enthusiastic manner in which the Jubilee has been celebrated throughout India by all classes of her subjects, has commanded the Viceroy to convey to the people of India her warmest thanks and her deep appreciation of their loyalty.—In Bombay the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Wednesday evening last week drove through the streets, which were brilliantly illuminated; and at a school feast on the esplanade of Bombay last Saturday, attended by 18,000 children of all races and creeds, the Duke of Connaught and the Governor were present. A rich Hindoo gave a sum of money so that each child present may have a commemorative medal.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Feb. 22.

Home politics are of no great interest this week; the more so as the Chamber has granted itself a holiday in order to allow the deputies to enjoy the pretended pleasures of the Carnival. The centre of interest is Germany, and the situation is still the same as it was a month ago: every morning before going to work, or to play, the Frenchman asks: "Shall we have war or peace?" And at five o'clock, when the evening papers appear, the question is repeated: "Shall we have war or peace?" In such conditions as these, tranquillity of mind is impossible; and the result of the German elections is, therefore, expected with impatience.

Every year, when Lent comes round, the question arises whether the Carnival ever was really gay, or whether its gaiety is a myth? According to tradition, the Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday are popular holidays; the butchers' shops are decorated with flowers and garlands, to set off the charms of the slaughtered prize-winners from the cattle show; at the theatres, there are morning and evening performances; from Belleville to Grenelle, there are costumed and masked balls; at every street corner, men and boys make horrible sounds with hunting-horns; grotesque advertising waggons encumber the streets; and from the Bastille to the Madeleine, a melancholy crowd of holiday-makers streams along incessantly, craning its neck to see the maskers, who are so rare that when one appears the crowd is stupefied with astonishment. The Carnival still exists, but there is no longer any piece, any actors, or even any "supers." Never have I seen a more melancholy crowd than that which encumbered the boulevards yesterday and to-day. Since 1870 these pretended fêtes have been growing sadder and sadder. This year the most profound depths of gloom have been attained: there remains nothing to be done but to definitively classify the Carnival and the Jours Gras under the category of archaeological souvenirs.

The past dramatic week has been especially interesting owing to the success obtained by the works of two chiefs of the so-called "naturalist school," MM. Zola and Daudet. Zola's piece, "Le Ventre de Paris," is a simple and touching melodrama, represented in surroundings of extreme realism, the scene being laid at the central market, various aspects of which are reproduced in very remarkable scenery and with great wealth of accessories. "Numa Roumestan" is generally acknowledged by the critics to mark a great step in advance towards truth on the stage, both by the abundance of picturesque details, by its air of sincerity, and, above all, by the simplicity of the action, by the absolute subordination of the plot to the study of character. There is much talk in the papers about the new dramatic formula and about the future of "naturalism" on the French stage. In reality the change of formula is taking place gradually: the tendency is to endeavour to introduce into dramatic literature the truthfulness of observation and intensity of rendering which are the characteristics of the modern novel, and thereby to suppress the tricks and conventions of the old formula of Scribe, thanks to which a stage play is a sort of problem to be solved in so many situations which conduce to an inevitable dénouement.

In conformity with the suggestions of M. Berthelot, Minister of Public Instruction, M. Grévy has appointed a Commission of senators, deputies, architects, engineers, and functionaries to study the question of a monument to commemorate the centenary of the French Revolution. The exhibition of 1889 will show the progress accomplished by nineteenth century Democracy, and will affirm its vitality. The Government will, furthermore, perpetuate the souvenir of 1789 by a durable monument, just as preceding régimes have perpetuated their memory by columns, statues, triumphal arches, and edifices of all kinds.

M. Abel Hermant, a young novelist of remarkable talent and a distinguished pupil of the Ecole Normale, has recently published a study of military life, "Le Cavalier Miserey (12e. Chasseurs)." The Colonel of this regiment, in garrison at Rouen, has drawn up a libellous and insulting order of the day against M. Hermant, and ordered his novel to be burnt "on the dunghills" of the barracks. M. Hermant has submitted this incident to the Minister of War. M. Hermant's first book, on the Ecole Normale, also had the honour of being burnt in the courtyard of the school by the former classmates of the author.

Amongst the publications of marriage banns, under date Feb. 20, we read the following:—"Don Angel Ramon Maria Vallejo of Miranda, Comte de Casa Miranda, gentleman, and Madame Christine Nilsson, lyric artiste, widow of M. Auguste Rouzaud." T. C.

Signor Depretis has submitted to the King the names of his proposed new Cabinet, in which Count Robilant resumes his post of Foreign Minister.

The Spanish expedition to Mindanao, in the Sulu Archipelago, has attacked the rebel natives, capturing their positions and burning the residence of the Rajah, with slight loss.

The seventieth birthday of King William of the Netherlands was celebrated throughout Holland last Saturday with much enthusiasm. A congratulatory telegram from Queen Victoria gave the King much pleasure. In the afternoon the horses of the carriage in which were the Queen and the Princess Wilhelmina took fright, and the coachman and postilion were thrown; the Royal ladies kept their seats until the horses were stopped, and then alighting, the crowd escorted them to the palace. Subsequently, the Royal family drove through the streets of the Hague to see the illuminations.

It is announced that on the occasion of the celebration of the German Emperor's birthday his Majesty's youngest great-grandson will be christened, and the betrothal of Prince Henry of Prussia with Princess Irene of Hesse will be proclaimed. It is expected that the Prince of Wales will visit Berlin in order to take part in the festivities.

Last Saturday the Emperor Francis Joseph held a military council in Vienna, at which the Archdukes Albrecht and William, the War Minister, and several Generals were present.—The Budget Committee of the Reichsrath has agreed to the credit of 12,000,000 fl. for the equipment of the Landwehr and Landsturm. The Lower House of the Hungarian Diet has unanimously voted the credit of nearly 7,500,000 fl. for defraying the expenses of the Honvéd Army.

The elections to the Canadian Parliament took place on Tuesday throughout the Dominion. The Government have obtained a majority of over 45, and all the Cabinet Ministers have been re-elected.

The Bill for prohibiting the sale of bait to French and American fishermen, to which the Imperial Government recently refused its assent, has been re-enacted unanimously by the Newfoundland Legislature.

It is announced from Durban that the authority of the Queen has been extended over Eastern Zululand, with the approval of the Zulus.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

I observe that Mrs. Gladstone is announced to preside at a conference, in London, of delegates from "Women's Liberal Associations"; and that the same lady has accepted the Presidency of the "Central Women's Federation," which exists for the purpose of encouraging the formation of women's Liberal associations in the country. From this it may be inferred that Mr. Gladstone has "got round" in that wonderful manner characteristic of his remarkable mind; and whereas, only a few weeks ago, he "regretted" that women should express an opinion, even though it were in agreement with his own, about Home Rule, he has already veered to the opposite conclusion that their opinions should be cultivated. It is a more hopeful matter, certainly, for party leaders to organise and utilise women's influence than to adopt Sir Henry James's plan of abolishing it altogether by Act of Parliament.

So far as I have heard, the ladies who have joined the Women's Liberal Associations and the Primrose Leagues, especially in the former case, are generally the wives or other near connections of men who are active in political work on the same side. This is natural enough, and being inevitable, it is of no use protesting against it. But there are two very serious objections to these associations. One is, that it is an insult to women to ask them to give party aid in inferior capacities, to label themselves as supporters of a certain policy, and to even forsake their homes and families to attend political association meetings for the advancement of the ends of party, while still the whole sex is denied the right of exercising direct and positive influence upon the course of political affairs by means of the quiet but real power of the vote. The other objection is that the ladies who join these associations take themselves into that web of intrigue, that chaos of strife, known as party government, and so deprive themselves of the possibility of exercising independent judgment upon great public questions. If women are to be of any service in politics it cannot be by merely increasing the number of votes at the service of a party leader, but by bringing a keen moral sense, an enthusiasm for right as one sees it, and an unspoiled conscience into public affairs. All this is not party organisation: the good party servant is he who follows his leader without inquiry or scruple. A party woman is as bad as, or worse than, a party man; while many of us have felt that the great hope from women's political action has depended upon the probability that, living more retired lives than men, and therefore being less subject to pressure—and being, also, trained more to consider, purely and simply, right and wrong, and to act unselfishly, and to indulge in moral enthusiasms that overleap low considerations—women would not so readily as men become pawns in the party leaders' game, but would preserve their independence, and seek to find some better principle of decision and action on each important question than blind "loyalty" to fallible and often unstable and inconsistent "leaders." "I hate party, just in proportion as I love my country," said the good Wilberforce. "Party creates and diffuses a false moral system, provides the means of reputation and position for men not entitled to it by their merits, provides an amnesty for every crime—staunch party zeal excuses all, heals all, justifies all. Combinations of men will do what the individuals would abhor. A party-man may no more question his leader's being right than a soldier his General's. We know that parties will exist in a free State, but need we" (oh, my sisters, need we?) "endeavour to cherish and encourage them, to exasperate their fury and increase their force?"

Twenty-seven pauper women of bad character in New Ross Workhouse have been defying the entire force of the British Crown. Having created a disturbance, stoned the male officials, and frightened away the nuns and matron who had charge of them, these women, when they saw the policemen coming to arrest them, all undressed and went to bed! This simple situation proved too perplexing for the forces of law and order. After vainly coaxing the women to get up, in the fashion of the appeal of Mrs. Bond, of nursery memory, to her ducks, the police authorities gave up the contest and retired. The government of Ireland is very comical. If it were not asking a steam-hammer to crack an almond, one would like to wonder what Cromwell would have done with that situation? How simple it would have been to roll each riotous creature up in her bed-clothes, and tie her round firmly, and so carry her to the reflective solitude of a prison cell! "Twenty years of firm government," forsooth, when a handful of disorderly pauper women are left in triumphant possession of a public building, and are allowed successfully to defy the representatives of the law of the land by so simple a trick!

Apropos to Ireland, it is worth notice how much is done by the State for the improvement of the people that is neglected here. The newest undertaking with this object is "The Albert National Agricultural Training Institution," at which, amongst other things, it is intended to give "free instruction in the most improved systems of dairying to the young women of the agricultural classes." There is abundant room for such an effort. Ireland, with her moist climate, and her soil so fertile as grazing land, and her geographical situation, ought to find a ready market, and a most profitable one, in England, for a very large quantity of butter. We pay eleven millions of pounds sterling, every year, for butter imported from abroad. But authorities say that the Irish butter is not either made so perfectly nor packed so cleanly as that of Brittany, and hence does not command so good a price. It is well enough, therefore, to try to teach the Irish women to do better. But English dairying is susceptible of improvement, too. Cheese-making is almost extinct in parts of our country where once it was a flourishing industry. It may well be doubted, however, whether State aid (even educational aid, the most justifiable and most hopeful of all) can effect any benefit where the severe teaching of trade competition has failed.

The same must be said of the recent appointment of a paid Lady Inspector of Irish lace-making. The only Irish lace which is really delicate and beautiful is Limerick lace. This, in fleecy fineness of work and texture, would bear comparison with the best Brussels lace. But, while the Brussels manufacturers have continually improved their designs, in consonance with the changes in public taste, the Limerick makers remain faithful to their traditions of half a century ago: their hard, conventional leaves and blossoms, their fountains rising with mathematical exactitude, their stiff curves and unyielding angles. Anybody who will compare the everyday architecture of the days when George the Fourth was King with that of to-day, or who has seen the furniture with which our grandmothers set up housekeeping, will appreciate how taste has altered. Old Irish lace which is valued for its age can command a price, notwithstanding its heavy design. But modern lace must meet modern taste. Irish point is heavy in its nature. But with a little more wisdom and enterprise it would be easy to make Carrickmacross Guipure and Limerick rank with really fashionable laces. It was noticed at Lady Londonderry's last drawingroom that more Irish lace was worn than was remembered ever before at a similar event in Dublin. This is right, and the Lady Inspector may be able to aid the patriotic willingness of the rich to buy native work by making that work better worth buying. F. F. M.



## ART AND ARCHÆOLOGY.

Travellers in Central Italy who have passed a night, and perhaps more, at Bologna, cannot fail to recall the Albergo Pellegrino, described by Samuel Rogers as—

Where hangs aloft  
That ancient sign, the Pilgrim, welcoming  
All who arrive there,

except, perhaps, those who might happen to appear in the traditional pilgrim's garb without money in their scrip. It was at this hotel that Rogers met Byron in 1819—

His clustering locks turned grey,  
Nor did recall the youth that swam  
From Sestos to Abydos.

Byron was at that time under the watchful eye of the police, and was suspected, probably with justice, of being in communication with Carbonari, secret societies, and other foes of the Austrian rule. An Italian gentleman, Francesco Ravaldoni, has just placed on the walls of the old Albergo a slab with a very beautiful inscription to the memory of the poet "who gave his life to Greece and his heart to Italy."

The new thoroughfare from Tottenham Court-road to Charing-cross, which is formally opened to-day, has been made at the sacrifice of many historical and art associations. In Soho the artists of many succeeding generations not only found quarters, but light. Hogarth's house in Dean-street was a detached high-gabled building, standing in a garden in which were fine old trees. In the same street Sir James Thornhill, his father-in-law, occupied a large house, on the staircase of which some of his pictures were recently to be seen. In Gerard-street the Literary Club was founded, at the Turk's Head, in 1764, by Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson. At the same house, in 1753, the first Society of Artists which could lay claim to anything of an elective character was convoked, "to create a public academy for the improvement of painting, sculpture, and architecture." At a later period we find Sir Thomas (then Mr.) Lawrence living in Greek-street, where Wedgwood also had his show-rooms; and Harlowe, the painter of the "Trial of Queen Katherine," died young in Dean-street. Amongst the other names associated with this district, but not connected with art, may be mentioned Dryden and Burke, in Gerard-street; Bach and Abel, the musicians, in Carlyle-street; Halley, the astronomer, in Princes-street; and many others. We most cordially associate ourselves with more than one of our contemporaries in entering a protest against the name proposed to be given to the new thoroughfare. If from amongst the names already cited (not one of which, we believe, is in any way connected with any of our streets or squares) it is not thought expedient to select one to keep alive the memories of the past, then the title of Nelson-avenue seems to us a singularly effective and proper appellation for the new street. It is strange that, although there are two Trafalgar-squares in western London, Nelson's own name is only connected with a somewhat dingy square and noisy street in Southwark—as if Englishmen had been eager to profit by his successes, but were unwilling to recognise the man who achieved them. There seems, too, something which touches our sense of fitness to place beside Shaftesbury-avenue a public thoroughfare which recalls that, not only in war but in peace, England expects each man to do his duty, and honours him for having done it. The works which have been going on in this neighbourhood have once more revived the question of the extension of the National Gallery, and its improvement by a more worthy

exterior. Some ten years ago public feeling was strong in favour of a new building, and at considerable cost designs were made, of which three were submitted to public approval. It must be admitted that the committee's final selection was not warmly indorsed by the general verdict; and, possibly, this may have been one excuse for laying the matter aside. Another and stronger reason was that the space required was not available. This obstacle is now removed, and it seems absurd to suppose that the Office of Works, as representing the Government, and the Metropolitan Board of Works, representing the ratepayers, cannot come to terms as to the cost to be paid for the ground obtained by the removal of Hemming's-row. At present, however, these two bodies, not content with quarrelling with one another, and ignoring altogether the wishes of the public, have managed to embroil themselves in a very gratuitous squabble with the Institute of British Architects, who, not unnaturally, have expressed the hope that the opportunities now offered for erecting a building worthy of the "finest site in Europe" may not be thrown away. Unless, however, public feeling is expressed in very strong language, there is a fair chance of the National Gallery being restricted to its present dimensions, and, what is worse, being surrounded by buildings, more or less inflammable, over which the Government will have no direct control.

Another corner of "Old London" which is destined to disappear, or, rather, to be transformed, shortly, is that known as "Spa Fields," a district rich in springs, which in our day might have been found endowed with all-healing medicinal virtues. Coldbath-square was almost the centre of the district, where Nell Gwynne's Bath, as it is called, may perhaps be seen during the next fortnight for the last time. Spa Fields Chapel, which became one of the principal centres of the Countess of Huntingdon's religious connection, probably stood upon part of the grounds belonging to Sir John Oldcastle, afterwards Lord Cobham, whose name is still preserved in "Cobham-row." At Hockley-in-the-Hole, celebrated in the "Beggars' Opera," bear and bull-baiting was carried on down to the beginning of the last century, and its departure was followed by the advent of the peace-loving Budgell, the friend and fellow-worker of Addison. If, as the story goes, Nell Gwynne took her morning bath at the spot assigned, and owed to it the freshness of her complexion, she must have had a pleasant walk from "Bagnigge House," which, according to the memorial-stone, dated 1680, was described as being "near to the Pindar of Wakefield in Gray's Inn-road."

Herr Wiesner, to whom has been intrusted the examination of the papyri and manuscripts belonging to Archduke Reinard, has made a very interesting discovery. He declares that the result of his chemical and microscopic investigations shows that the material on which the ancient manuscripts were written was composed of rags "sized" over just in the way paper is treated in our days. The Archduke's manuscripts also correspond in substance with those in the Vienna Library, dating from about 1230 A.D. Herr Wiesner concludes from these and similar experiments that the art of paper-making dates from at least the eighth century of our era, and that it was probably introduced into Europe by the Arabians.

The St. Pancras Board of Guardians has approved the plans submitted by their architect, at an estimated cost of £50,700, for improvements at the workhouse, and has directed the same to be forwarded to the Local Government Board.

## HUNTING GAOUR IN INDIA.

The gaour, or giant bison, a monster of the bovine genus, is found in many parts of India, the dense forests and jungles of South Bahar forming a retreat for numerous herds of these huge animals. When adult, the bull gaour often exceeds six and a half feet in height at the shoulder; and the weight is enormous. The flesh of the gaour is of excellent quality, being tender and full of flavour. Both patience and courage must be exercised by those in search of this game; for, though the gaour will flee at the slightest sign or sound of danger, yet, when wounded, they are determined and formidable antagonists, and will charge the hunter without hesitation; should he fail to bring his quarry down, he stands but little chance of escaping with his life. Beaters often fall victims to the rage of the infuriated gaour. Occasionally, the hunter climbs a tree to avoid the attacks of a vicious gaour; but, unless he is careful to ascend with his rifle, there is every chance that he will have to stay there until relieved by a friend; for the cunning animal will lurk in the vicinity, waiting to dispatch his enemy at the first opportunity. Even the royal tiger forbears to attack this horned monster, unless he be terribly pressed by hunger; and then he rarely comes off victor in the encounter. The early morning is considered the best time to stalk gaour; for the herds are then on the move, returning from the open glades, where they feed during the night, to the shady and impenetrable jungles, where they pass the heat of the day. The native shikarees (hunters) stand in great awe and dread of this animal, so that much difficulty is often experienced by the sportsman in procuring a guide to lead him to its haunts. Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. G. H. Jalland.

A volume just published by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, "Shikar Sketches," by Mr. J. Moray Brown, late of the 79th Cameron Highlanders, contains, among various other Indian sporting adventures, an account of the shooting of a bull bison, or gaour, near Kamptee. The author describes this animal as ranging in height from 5 ft. 4 in. to 7 ft. 2 in., measured from the point of the wither to the fetlock; with short legs and small compact hoof; when young, the colour is a dark liver-coloured chestnut, which becomes nearly black with age, on the back and flanks, while the belly and inside of the thighs are of a lighter chestnut. The gaour prefers to inhabit a dense bamboo jungle, at a high altitude, from 2000 ft. to 6000 ft.

The Royal Humane Society has conferred numerous rewards for saving life, in circumstances of great gallantry.

The Bishop of Chester has been elected a correspondent of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, in the place of the late Dr. Waitz, the German historian.

The Rev. Frederick George Knott, M.A., of Magdalene College, Cambridge, now an assistant master in Dulwich College, has been elected by the Court of the Skinners' Company to the head mastership of their new Middle School at Tunbridge Wells.

Monday being the eighty-sixth birthday of Cardinal Newman, high mass was celebrated at the Oratory, Edgbaston, Birmingham, at eight o'clock. There was a crowded congregation. The Cardinal, who took part in the service, appeared to be in good health. Birthday presents and cards were received from all parts of Europe and from America.

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**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See the "Times," July 13, 1864.

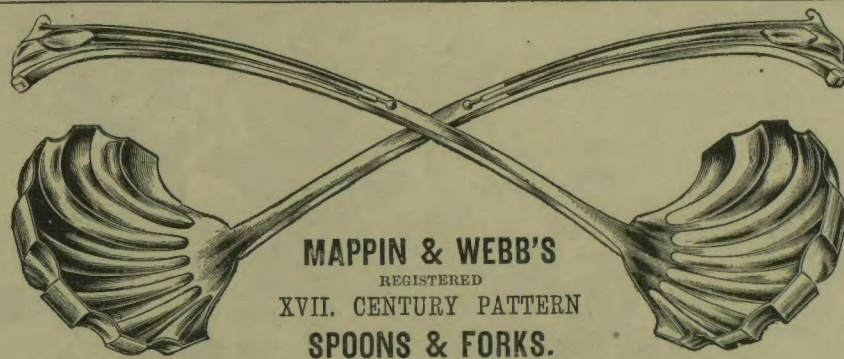
**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1863.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—Extract from the "Medical Times," Jan. 12, 1866—"Is prescribed by scores of orthodox practitioners. Of course, it would not be thus singularly popular did it not supply a want and fill a place."

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FINEST DOUBLE REFINED SHEAR  
STEEL and AFRICAN IVORY.



The Russian Chapel as represented here, shows us what beautiful buildings can be erected with the "Anchor Stone Building Box." Even grown-up people find pleasure in it. Indeed, many rich aged gentlemen, who have been given to weariness, have expressed their gratitude for the agreeable occupation which has been afforded them by the magnificent large Boxes of Stone Bricks. The "Anchor Stone Building Boxes" are kept by the best Toy-dealers, Booksellers, Educational Dépôts, and Stationers throughout the Kingdom.

**CHRISTMAS IS OVER,** and the children have been presented with many a pretty toy. The joy was great, but how long did it last? Alas! but only for a little while. Most of the parents will answer: The costly toys are already partly destroyed! Quite different will be the reply of those parents who bought before Christmas one of the renowned

**ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES.**

We hear them say, quite contentedly, "We have found the right thing, and have chosen the best and most sensible toy. Our children have never before been so well behaved; no other toy has ever given them so much pleasure and enjoyment as the Stone Building Box. Again and again they build with the coloured stones according to the brilliantly executed coloured designs."

In consequence of the widespread recommendation which the

**ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOXES**

enjoy, the demand for the same AFTER Christmas is still considerable. All observing parents justly say, "The winter evenings are long, and if we can agreeably shorten the same for our children, by the expense of a few shillings, with an

**ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BOX,**

we must not hesitate for a moment!" To all parents who think thus, we recommend the perusal of the Illustrated Price-List, "The Toy the Child Likes Best," and which will be forwarded gratis on application to

**F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,**  
1, RAILWAY-PLACE, FENCHURCH-STREET,  
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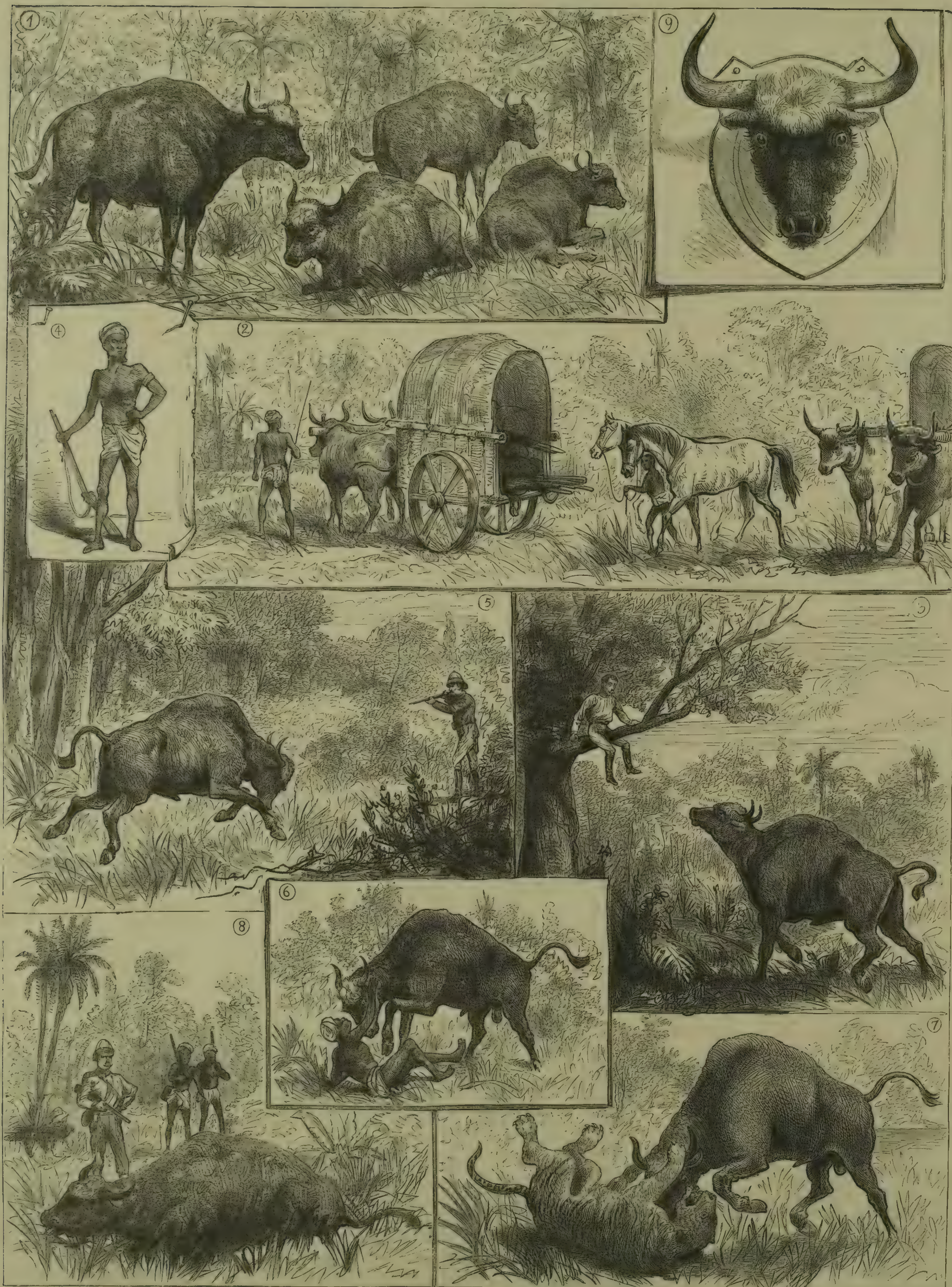
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CHILDREN LIKE IT!  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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**ELECTROPATHIC BELT.**  
An agreeable, natural, and certain remedy for  
**Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders, Ladies' Ailments, &c.**  
Nervous Affections, Sleeplessness, Paralysis, &c.  
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**Electro-pathic Belt** (post free), and you will have an electrical and marvellous remedy always at hand. **Harnesse' Electro-pathic Belt** promotes Health, Strength, and Energy. Thousands of Testimonials received. Write for copies or call and see the originals. Pamphlet and advice free of charge.  
**The Medical Battery Company, Limited,**  
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**DEAFNESS.**—Dr. ROY'S SURDUSINE, a specific liniment for Cure of Deafness, Noises in the Head, &c., 4s. 6d. per Box. Post-free C. GRICE and CO., 108, Fleet-street, London. All Chemists.





1. Home of the Gaour.

2. Moving Camp.

3. Treed.

4. Our Shikaree.

5. Standing a Charge.

6. Death of a Beater.

7. Gaour and Tiger.

8. Dead Gaour.

9. Head of one killed.





THE LATE SURGEON PEDLOW.



THE LATE MR. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

## THE LATE MR. P. B. MARSTON.

A poet and accomplished contributor to the literature of refined sentiment and imagination, whose writings have gained acceptance both in England and in America, has passed away in Mr. Philip Bourke Marston. His personal history is rendered interesting by the affliction of blindness, which befel him in early infancy, and in spite of which, by the aid of others, he attained a fair degree of scholarship and acquaintance with books. He was son of Dr. Westland Marston, LL.D., the dramatist, author of "The Patrician's Daughter," "Philip of France," and many fine tragedies and romantic plays which have won approval on the stage, and which have considerable literary merit. Mr. Philip Bourke Marston was born in 1852, and his poetical talent, perhaps from the secluded conditions of his education and private life, owing to his loss of sight, was directed rather to lyrical and reflective than to dramatic compositions. He published, in 1871, a volume entitled "Song Tide, and other Poems"; in 1875, a collection of meditative poems and sonnets, called "All in All"; and another, "Wind Voices," in 1883. He also wrote a variety of short tales, essays, and sketches, for several periodicals; one of which was *Harper's Monthly*, of New York; and their originality, thoughtfulness, and grace of style

recommended him to the esteem of a large circle of readers. He had nearly finished the revision of a volume of stories for collective publication, when he was attacked by his fatal illness; and we may presume that the volume will soon make its appearance.

The Worshipful Company of Grocers have contributed £204 to the funds of the Christian Evidence Society.

An association of Schools of Arms of Metropolitan Volunteers has been formed, with the approval of Major-General Gipps, commanding the Home District, who has consented to be patron of the society, the Earl of Wemyss accepting the post of president. A committee has been appointed, to which each school of arms sends a representative, and the chairman has been elected *ex officio* a member of the executive council of the Royal Military Tournament, which has offered two bronze medals, with £5 attached to each, one for bayonet v. bayonet, the other for bayonet v. sword, to be competed for at an assault-at-arms to be held by the association, at St. James's Hall, on March 3, when there will also be a gymnastic display by the various schools. The Field-Marshal Command-in-Chief has signified his intention of being present and distributing the bronze medals and prizes.

## THE LATE SURGEON PEDLOW, M.D.

Among the officers we have lost in Burmah is Surgeon James Pedlow, M.D., of the Army Medical Staff, who died of cholera on the Irrawaddy, near Nimbo, Upper Burmah, on Oct. 22. He was born in October, 1851, and was educated at Foyle College, Londonderry, and at Queen's College, Belfast. He graduated as a Doctor of Medicine of the Queen's University in Ireland. In the Turco-Bulgarian campaign he received a commission in the Turkish Army, and saw much fighting. In February, 1878, after the usual examinations and course at Netley, he was gazetted a surgeon in the Army Medical Department. He served in the Afghan War of 1879 and 1880, and with the Kama Expedition, for which he received the medal. He served with the Royal Fusiliers in the expedition to the Soudan, under Sir Gerald Graham, in 1884, and was present at the battles of El Teb and Tamai. He was mentioned in despatches, on both these occasions, as having paid great attention to the sick and wounded under fire. He received the Soudan medal, with clasp, and bronze decoration. A few months ago he volunteered for active service in Burmah. He was a zealous and devoted officer; his death is a great loss to the Army Medical Service. The Portrait is from a Photograph by Messrs. G. West and Son, of Southsea.



RUSSIAN WAR PREPARATIONS: UNLOADING SHELLS AT KIEFF.

SKETCH BY M. NICKLOSOVITZ.



## THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

From almost every portion of Great Britain come satisfactory promises to aid the proposed Imperial Institute, and more than £50,000 can already be counted on. From India and the Colonies have also come cordial promises of substantial support. The Court of the Mercers' Company has voted 1000 guineas to the Institute.

The following are the names of the architects who have been selected to prepare competitive plans for the Imperial Institute, viz.:—Dr. R. Rowand Anderson (Edinburgh), Mr. Arthur W. Blomfield, Mr. Thomas E. Colcutt, Messrs. T. W. Deane and Son (Dublin), Mr. Thomas G. Jackson, Messrs. Aston Webb and E. Ingress Bell. The Committee of Selection consists of Lord Herschell, the Earl of Carnarvon, Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., Sir Frederick Abel, C.B., and Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.

It was resolved at a meeting of the Mansion House Committee for aiding the Imperial Institute scheme in the City to invite subscriptions to the Mansion House Fund, and to devote the fund, unless otherwise directed by the donors, in the proportion of 70 per cent to the Imperial Institute and 30 per cent to the Commercial Museum in the City, or such other object as the Committee may determine.

At the instance of the Earl of Lovelace, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Surrey, a meeting composed of the nobility,

magistrates, and others having official connection with the various boroughs and unions in the county, was held yesterday week, at the Sessions House, Newington-causeway, for the purpose of taking into consideration the advisability of establishing a county subscription towards the creation of the Institute. Mr. George J. Murray, High Sheriff of the county, occupied the chair. The Bishop of Rochester moved a resolution declaring that it was desirable that an opportunity should be given to the inhabitants of the county to subscribe towards a county fund for the benefit of the Imperial Institute. Lord Sherbrooke seconded the resolution, which, after a discussion, was carried unanimously. Sir R. H. Wyatt was appointed secretary and treasurer, and several subscriptions were announced.

At Margate it has been decided to observe the Jubilee by a general holiday, the provision of an entertainment for the poor, aged, and children, and the erection of a clock-tower as a permanent memorial.

A town's meeting, convened by the Mayor, was held at Northampton on the 17th inst., when a motion in favour of the Imperial Institute and local objects was carried, and it was decided to enlarge the local infirmary and the public reading rooms and schools of art.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts presided at a meeting held on Monday evening at the Westminster Townhall, in aid of the Women's Jubilee offering to the Queen.

At a large and influential meeting of the citizens of Glasgow, convened by the Lord Provost, held last week, on the motion of Sir Charles Tennant, seconded by Sir Michael Connal, the erection of the Imperial Institute, in accordance with the plan proposed by the Prince of Wales, was approved; and, on the motion of Archbishop Eyre, a large and representative committee was appointed to obtain subscriptions.

In compliance with a resolution of a preliminary meeting, a public meeting was held in Queen-street Hall, Edinburgh, to appoint a general committee for organising a system by which all classes might have an opportunity to contribute to the fund for the establishment of the proposed Imperial Institute, the accepted national memorial of the Queen's jubilee year. Lord Provost Clark presided.

The general committee appointed by the Liverpool town's meeting to consider the question of celebrating the Queen's Jubilee met at the Townhall on the 17th inst., under the presidency of the Mayor. The committee ultimately decided in favour of a clock-tower, a contribution to the Imperial Institute, and help to the local charities. Arrangements were made for the collection of the requisite funds.

The Jubilee festival dinner of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society was held on Tuesday evening in the hall of the Salters' Company. Mr. J. H. Puleston, M.P., presided. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of £1380.

## BIRTH.

On the 4th inst., at 14, Salisbury-road, Wavertree, Liverpool, the wife of Captain James Kitchen, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

On the 17th inst., at Christ Church, Lancaster-gate, by the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan, Bart., assisted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Raphoe, Captain Courtenay Bouchier Vyvyan, the Buss, eldest son of the Rev. Sir Vyell Vyvyan, Bart., of Trevelar, Cornwall, to Eva Catharine Forester, eldest daughter of Major-General Edmund Walker, R.E., and grand-daughter of the late General Sir George T. Walker, G.C.B., K.C.T.S.

On the 17th inst., at St. Peter's, Southampton, by the Rev. C. E. Steward, Vicar, assisted by the Rev. C. E. Jackson, George Owen Meares, eldest son of the late George Meares, Esq., of Plas Llanstephan, Carmarthen, and Thornhill Lodge, Bitterne, Hants, to Eliza Mary (Nina), youngest daughter of Charles Arthur Day, Esq., of Terrace House, Southampton.

## DEATH.

On the 10th inst., at Regency-square, Brighton, Sarah (Jaha), the beloved wife of William Horsley, solicitor, London, and mother of William Horsley, merchant, Adelaide-street, Brisbane, Queensland.

\* \* \* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings.

## CLERGY DISTRESS FUND.

CORPORATION OF THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.  
President—The Archbishop of Canterbury.  
Vice-President—The Earl of Powis.  
Treasurers—Rev. Sir E. Graham Moon, Bart.  
(Mr. Alderman Stone.

In response to the suggestion of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy has agreed to invite Contributions immediately to a SPECIAL FUND, to be called the CLERGY DISTRESS FUND, for the prompt relief of those Clergymen who are suffering severely at the present time from losses in connection with glebe or tithes.

The proposed Fund will be administered by the Governors quite independently of the ordinary operations of the Society, and no grant will be made unless the application be recommended by the Bishop of the diocese.

The Clergy are respectfully invited to devote an offering to this Fund, which demands a prompt response. It is suggested that though this is not a "Jubilee" Fund, it is one to which thank-offerings to the Almighty for the long and happy reign of our Queen may most appropriately be given.

Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Hoare, Bankers, 57, Fleet-street, E.C.; or to me, at this House.

W. PAGET BOWMAN,  
Registrar, Sons of the Clergy,  
Corporation House, Bloomsbury-place, W.C.

## RICHARD RAVENHILL, Deceased.

Pursuant to the Act of Parliament, 22nd and 23rd Victoria, Chap. 35, intitled "An Act to further amend the law of property and to relieve Trustees," NOTICE is hereby given that all Creditors and other persons having any claims or demands against the Estate of RICHARD RAVENHILL, late of Farnhill, in the Parish of Winkfield, in the County of Berks, Esq., deceased (who died on Jan. 18, 1887, and whose Will was proved in the Principal Registry of the Probate Division of the High Court of Justice on Feb. 14, 1887, by Henry Ravenhill, of Clerkenwell, in the County of Surrey, Esq., Brother of the Deceased; Thomas Broadhurst Puckle, of Woodcote Grove, Charlston, in the County of Surrey, Esq., and Frederick Leigh Hutchins, of No. 11, Birchington, in the County of London, Solicitors, three of the Executors therein named), are hereby required to send particulars thereof in writing to the undersigned Solicitors for the said Executors, on or before March 15 next, after which date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the Deceased, having regard only to the claims and demands of which they shall then have had notice; and the said Executors will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim or demand they shall not then have had notice.

Dated this 16th day of February, 1887.  
MURRAY, HUTCHINS, and STIRLING,  
11, Birchington-lane, London, E.C., Solicitors for the said Executors.

## WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS

AT HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.  
WRITING-TABLE SETS, IN OXIDIZED SILVER, CHINA, and POLISHED BRASS, from 25s. to £10.  
DRESSING CASES. DESPATCH BOXES.  
JEWEL CASES. TRAVELLING CASES.  
CASES OF IVORY BRUSHES. STATIONERY CABINETS.  
SCENT BOTTLES. WRITING CASES.  
CIGAR CABINETS. STANDARDS.  
LIQUEUR CASES. CANDLESTICKS.  
TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS, Morocco, with Hall-marked silver fittings, 25s. 6d., 40s., 45s., 50s., 55s., 60s., 65s., 70s., 75s., 80s., 85s., 90s., 95s., 100s., 110s., 120s., 130s., 140s., 150s., 160s., 170s., 180s., 190s., 200s., 210s., 220s., 230s., 240s., 250s., 260s., 270s., 280s., 290s., 300s., 310s., 320s., 330s., 340s., 350s., 360s., 370s., 380s., 390s., 400s., 410s., 420s., 430s., 440s., 450s., 460s., 470s., 480s., 490s., 500s., 510s., 520s., 530s., 540s., 550s., 560s., 570s., 580s., 590s., 600s., 610s., 620s., 630s., 640s., 650s., 660s., 670s., 680s., 690s., 700s., 710s., 720s., 730s., 740s., 750s., 760s., 770s., 780s., 790s., 800s., 810s., 820s., 830s., 840s., 850s., 860s., 870s., 880s., 890s., 900s., 910s., 920s., 930s., 940s., 950s., 960s., 970s., 980s., 990s., 1000s., 1010s., 1020s., 1030s., 1040s., 1050s., 1060s., 1070s., 1080s., 1090s., 1100s., 1110s., 1120s., 1130s., 1140s., 1150s., 1160s., 1170s., 1180s., 1190s., 1200s., 1210s., 1220s., 1230s., 1240s., 1250s., 1260s., 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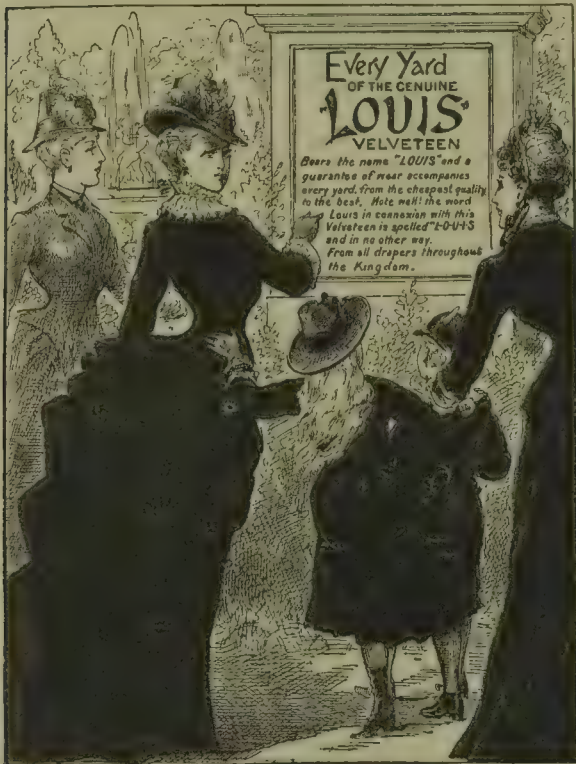
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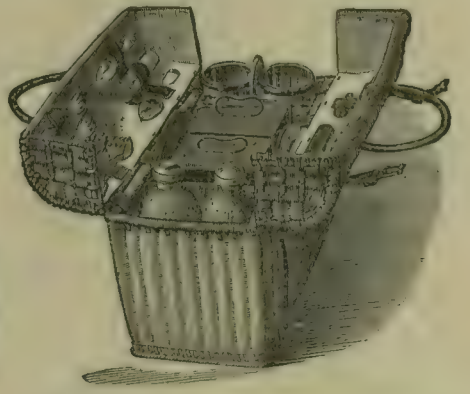
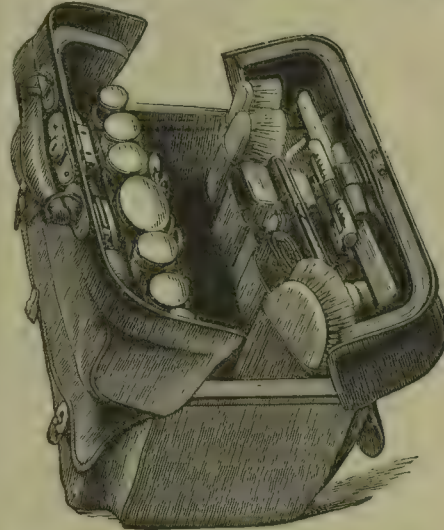
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DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

Father Esteban pulled out his snuff-box and took a long and complacent pinch.

## THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.\*

BY BRET HARTE.

AUTHOR OF "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP," "GABRIEL CONROY," "FLIP," ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.

An hour after mass, Father Esteban had quietly installed Hurlstone in a small cell-like apartment off the refectory. The household of the priest consisted of an old Indian woman of fabulous age and miraculous propriety, two Indian boys who served at mass, a gardener, and a muleteer. The first three, who were immediately in attendance upon the priest, were cognisant of a stranger's presence, but, under instructions from the reverend Padre, were loyally and superstitiously silent; the vocations of the gardener and muleteer made any intrusion from them impossible. A breakfast of fruit, tortillas, chocolate, and red wine, of which Hurlstone partook sparingly, and only to please his entertainer, nevertheless seemed to restore his strength, as it did the Padre's equanimity. For the old man had been somewhat agitated during mass, and, except that his early morning congregation was mainly composed of Indians, muleteers, and small vendors, his abstraction would have been noticed. With ready tact he had not attempted, by further questioning, to break the taciturnity into which Hurlstone had relapsed after his emotional confession and the priest's abrupt half-absolution. Was it possible he regretted his confidence, or was it possible that his first free and untrammelled expression of his wrongs had left him with a haunting doubt of their real magnitude?

"Lie down here, my son," said the old ecclesiastic, pointing to a small pallet in the corner, "and try to restore in the morning what you have taken from the night. Mañuela will bring your clothes when they are dried and mended; meantime, shift for yourself in Pepito's serape and calzas. I will betake me to the Comandante and the Alcalde to learn the dispositions of your party, when the ship will sail, and if your absence is suspected. Peace be with you, son! Mañuela, attend to the caballero, and see you chatter not."

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Without doubting the substantial truth of his guest's story, the good Padre Esteban was not unwilling to have it corroborated by such details as he thought he could collect among the Excelsior's passengers. His own experience in the confessional had taught him the unreliability of human evidence, and the vagaries of both conscientious and unconscious suppression. That a young, good-looking, and accomplished caballero should have been the victim of not one, but even many, erotic episodes, did not strike the holy father as being peculiar; but that he should have been brought by a solitary unfortunate attachment to despair and renunciation of the world, appeared to him marvellous. He was not unfamiliar with the remorse of certain gallants for peccadilloes with other men's wives; but this Americano's self-abasement for the sins of his own wife—as he foolishly claimed her to be—whom he hated and despised, struck Father Esteban as a miracle open to suspicion. Was there anything else in these somewhat commonplace details of vulgar and low intrigue than what he had told the priest? Were all these Americano husbands as sensitive and as gloomily self-sacrificing and expiating? It did not appear so from the manners and customs of the others—from those easy matrons whose complaisant husbands had abandoned them to the long companionship of youthful cavaliers on adventurous voyages; from those audacious virgins who had the freedom of married women! Surely, this was not a pious and sensitive race, passionately devoted to their domestic affections! The young stranger must be either deceiving him—or an exception to his countrymen!

And if he was that exception—what then? An idea which had sprung up in Father Esteban's fancy that morning now took possession of it with the tenacity of a growth on fertile virgin soil. The good Father had been devoted to the conversion of the heathen with the fervour of a one-ideaed man. But his successes had been among the Indians—a guileless, harmless race, who too often confounded the practical benefits of civilisation with the abstract blessings of the Church, and their instruction had been simple and coercive. There had been no necessity for argument or controversy; the worthy priest's skill in polemical warfare and disputation had never

been brought into play; the Comandante and Alcalde were as punctiliously orthodox as himself, and the small traders and artisans were hopelessly docile and submissive. The march of science, which had been stopped by the local fogs of Todos Santos some fifty years, had not disturbed the simple Æsculapius of the province with heterodox theories: he still purged and bled like Sangrado, and met the priest at the death-bed of his victims with a pious satisfaction that had no trace of sceptical contention. In fact, the gentle Mission of Todos Santos had hitherto presented no field for the good Father's exalted ambition, nor the display of his powers as a zealot. And here was a splendid opportunity.

The conversion of this dark, impulsive, hysterical stranger would be a gain to the fold, and a triumph worthy of his steel. More than that, if he had judged correctly of this young man's mind and temperament, they seemed to contain those elements of courage and sacrificial devotion that indicated the missionary priesthood. With such a subaltern, what might not he, Father Esteban, accomplish! Looking further into the future, what a glorious successor might be left to his unfinished work on Todos Santos!

Buried in these reflections, Padre Esteban sauntered leisurely up the garden that gradually ascended the slight elevation on which the greater part of the pueblo was built. Through a low gateway in the wall he passed on to the crest of the one straggling street of Todos Santos. On either side of him were ranged the low one-storeyed, deep-windowed adobe fondas and artisans' dwellings, with low-pitched roofs of dull red pipe-like tiles. Absorbed in his fanciful dreams, he did not at first notice that those dwellings appeared deserted, and that even the Posada opposite him, whose courtyard was usually filled with lounging muleteers, was empty and abandoned. Looking down the street towards the plaza, he became presently aware of some undefined stirring in the peaceful hamlet. There was an unusual throng in the square, and afar on that placid surface of the bay from which the fog had lifted, the two or three fishing-boats of Todos Santos were vaguely pulling. But the strange ship was gone.

A feeling of intense relief and satisfaction followed.



Father Esteban pulled out his snuff-box and took a long and complacent pinch. But his relief was quickly changed to consternation as an armed cavalcade rapidly wheeled out of the plaza and cantered towards him, with the unmistakable spectacle of the male passengers of the Excelsior riding two and two and guarded by double files of dragoons on each side.

At a sign from the priest, the subaltern reined in his mustang, halted the convoy, and saluted respectfully, to the astonishment of the prisoners. The clerical authority of Todos Santos evidently dominated the military. A feeling of hope sprang up in the hearts of the Excelsior party.

"What have we here?" asked Padre Esteban.

"A revolution, your Reverence, among the Americanos, with robbery of the Presidio saluting-gun: a grave affair. Your Reverence has been sent for by the Comandante. I am taking these men to San Antonio to await the decision of the Council."

"And the ship?"

"Gone, your Reverence. One of the parties has captured it."

"And those?"

"Are the Legitimists, your Reverence: at least, they have confessed to have warred with Mexico and invaded California—the brigands!"

The priest remained lost for a moment in blank and bitter amazement. Banks took advantage of the pause to edge his way to the front.

"Ask him, some of you," he said, turning to Brace and Crosby, "when this d—d farce will be over, and where we can find the head man—the boss idiot of this foolery!"

"Let him put it milder," whispered Winslow. "You got us into trouble enough with your tongue already."

Crosby hesitated a moment: "Quand finira ce drôle représentation?—et—et—qui est ce qui est l'entrepreneur?" he said, dubiously.

The priest stared. These Americans were surely cooler and less excitable than his strange guest. A thought struck him. "How many are still in the ship?" he asked gently.

"Nobody but Perkins and that piratical crew of niggers."

"And that infernal Hurlstone," added Winslow.

The priest pricked up his ears. "Hurlstone?" he repeated.

"Yes—a passenger like ourselves, as we supposed. But we are satisfied now he was in the conspiracy from the beginning," translated Crosby, painfully.

"Look at his strange disappearance!—a regular put-up job"—broke in Brace in English, without reference to the Padre's not comprehending him; "so that he and Perkins could shut themselves up together without suspicion!"

"Never mind Hurlstone now; he's gone—and we're here," said Banks, angrily. "Ask the parson, as a gentleman and a Christian, what sort of a hole we've got into, anyhow. How far is the next settlement?"

Crosby put the question. The subaltern lit a cigarette.

"There is no next settlement. The pueblo ends at San Antonio."

"And what's beyond that?"

"The ocean."

"And what's south?"

"The desert—one cannot pass it."

"And north?"

"The desert."

"And east?"

"The desert too."

"Then how do you get away from here?"

"We do not get away."

"And how do you communicate with Mexico—with your Government?"

"When a ship comes."

"And when does a ship come?"

"Quien sabe?"

The officer threw away his cigarette.

"I say, you'll tell the Commander that all this is illegal; and that I'm going to complain to our Government," continued Banks, hurriedly.

"I go to speak to the Comandante," responded the priest, gravely.

"And tell him that if he touches a hair of the ladies' heads we'll have his own scalp," interrupted Brace, impetuously.

Even Crosby's diplomatic modification of this speech did not appear entirely successful. "The Mexican soldier wars not with women," said the priest, coldly. "Adieu, Messieurs!"

The cavalcade moved on. The Excelsior passengers at once resumed their chorus of complaint, tirade, and aggressive suggestion, heedless of the soldiers who rode stolidly on each side.

"To think we haven't got a single revolver among us," said Brace, despairingly.

"We might each grab a carbine from these nigger fellows," said Crosby, eyeing them contemptuously.

"And if they didn't burst, and we weren't shot by the next patrol, and if we'd calculated to be mean enough to run away from the women—where would we escape to?" asked Banks, curtly. "Hold on at least until we get an ultimatum from that commodious ass at the Presidio! Then we'll anticipate the fool-killer, if you like. My opinion is, they aren't in any great hurry to try anything on us just yet."

"And I say, lie low and keep dark until they show their hand," added Winslow, who had no relish for an indiscriminate scrimmage, and had his own ideas of placating their captors.

Nevertheless, by degrees they fell into a silence partly the effect of the strangely enervating air. The fog had completely risen from the landscape, and hung high in mid-air, through which an intense sun, shorn of its fierceness, diffused a lambent warmth and a yellowish unctuous light, as if it had passed through amber. The bay gleamed clearly and distinctly; not a shadow flecked its surface to the grey impenetrable rampart of fog that stretched like a granite wall before its entrance. On one side of the narrow road billows of monstrous grain undulated to the crest of the low hills, that looked like larger undulations of the soil, furrowed by bosky cañadas or shining arroyos. Banks was startled into a burst of professional admiration:

"There's enough grain there to feed a thousand Todos Santos; and raised, too, with tools like that," he continued, pointing to a primitive plough that lay on the wayside, formed by a single forked root. A passing ox-cart, whose creaking wheels were made of a solid circle of wood, apparently sawn from an ordinary log, again plunged him into cogitation. Here and there little areas of the rudest cultivation broke into a luxuriousness of orange, lime, and fig trees. The joyous earth, at the slightest provocation, seemed to smile and dimple with fruit and flowers. Everywhere the rare beatitudes of Todos Santos revealed and repeated its simple story. The fructifying influence of earth and sky; the intervention of a vaporous veil between a fiery sun and fiery soil; the combination of heat and moisture, purified of feverish exhalations and made sweet and wholesome by the saline breath of the mighty sea, had been the beneficent legacy of their isolation, the munificent compensation of their oblivion.

A gradual and gentle ascent at the end of two hours brought the cavalcade to a halt upon a rugged upland with semi-tropical shrubbery, and here and there larger trees from the tierra templada in the evergreens or madroño. A few low huts and corrals, and a rambling hacienda, were scattered

along the crest, and in the midst arose a little votive chapel, flanked by pear-trees. Near the roadside were the crumbling edges of some long-forgotten excavation. Crosby gazed at it curiously. Touching the arm of the officer, he pointed to it.

"Una mina de plata," said the officer, sententially.

"A mine of some kind—silver, I bet!" said Crosby, turning to the others. "Is it good—bueno—you know?" he continued to the officer, with vague gesticulations.

"En tiempos pasados," returned the officer, gravely.

"I wonder what in thunder that means?" said Winslow. But before Crosby could question further, the subaltern signalled to them to dismount. They did so, and their horses were led away to a little declivity, whence came the sound of running water. Left to themselves, the Americans looked around them. The cavalcade seemed to have halted near the edge of a precipitous ridge, the evident termination of the road. But the view that here met their eyes was unexpected and startling.

The plateau on which they stood seemed to drop suddenly away, leaving them on the rocky shore of a monotonous and far-stretching sea of waste and glittering sand. Not a vestige nor trace of vegetation could be seen, except an occasional ridge of straggling pallid bushes, raised in hideous simulation of the broken crest of a ghostly wave. On either side, as far as the eye could reach, the hollow empty vision extended—the interminable desert stretched and panted before them.

"It's the jumping-off place, I reckon," said Crosby, "and they've brought us here to show us how small is our chance of getting away. But," he added, turning towards the plateau again, "what are they doing now? 'Pon my soul! I believe they're going off—and leaving us."

The others turned as he spoke. It was true. The dragoons were coolly galloping off, the way they came, taking with them the horses the Americans had just ridden.

"I call that cool," said Crosby. "It looks deuced like as if we were to be left here to graze, like cattle."

"Perhaps that's their idea of a prison in this country," said Banks; "there's certainly no chance of our breaking jail in that direction," he added, pointing to the desert, "and we can't follow them without horses."

"And I daresay they've guarded the pass in the road lower down," said Winslow.

"We ought to be able to hold our own here until night," said Brace, "and then make a dash into Todos Santos, get hold of some arms, and join the ladies."

"The women are all right," said Crosby, impatiently, "and are better treated than if we were with them. Suppose, instead of maundering over them, we reconnoitre and see what we can do here. I'm getting devilishly hungry; they can't mean to starve us, and, if they do, I don't intend to be starved as long as there is anything to be had by buying or stealing. Come along. There's sure to be fruit near that old chapel, and I saw some chickens in the bush near those huts. First, let's see if there's anyone about. I don't see a soul."

The little plateau, indeed, seemed deserted. In vain they shouted; their voices were lost in the echoless air. They examined one by one the few thatched huts: they were open, contained one or two rude articles of furniture—a bed, a bench, and table—were scrupulously clean—and empty. They next inspected the chapel; it was tawdry and barbaric in ornament, but the candlesticks and crucifix and the basin for holy water were of heavily-beaten silver. The same thought crossed their minds—the abandoned mine at the roadside!

Bananas, oranges, and prickly pears growing within the cactus-hedge of the chapel partly mollified their thirst and hunger, and they turned their steps towards the long rambling barrack-looking building, with its low windows and red-tiled roof, which they had first noticed. Here, too, the tenement was deserted and abandoned; but there was evidence of some previous and more ambitious preparation: in a long dormitory off the corridor a number of scrupulously clean beds were ranged against the white-washed walls, with spotless benches and tables. To the complete astonishment and bewilderment of the party, another room, fitted up as a kitchen, with the simpler appliances of house-keeping, revealed a larder filled with provisions and meal. A shout from Winslow, who had penetrated the inner courtyard, however, drew them to a more remarkable spectacle. Their luggage and effects from the cabins of the Excelsior were there, carefully piled in the antique ox cart that had evidently that morning brought them from Todos Santos!

"There's no mistake," said Brace, with a relieved look, after a hurried survey of the trunks. "They have only brought ours. The ladies have evidently had the opportunity of selecting their own things."

"Crosby told you they'd be all right," said Banks; "and as for ourselves, I don't see why we can't be pretty comfortable here, and all the better for our being alone. I shall take an opportunity of looking around a bit. It strikes me that there are some resources in this country that might pay to develop."

"And I shall have a look at that played-out mine," said Crosby, "if it's been worked as they work the land, they've left about as much in it as they've taken out."

"That's all well enough," said Brace, drawing a dull vermilion-coloured stone from his pocket; "but here's something I picked up, just now, that ain't 'played out,' nor even the value of it suspected by those fellows. That's cinnabar—quicksilver ore—and a big per cent of it, too; and if there's as much of it here as the indications show, you could buy up all your silver mines in the country with it."

"If I were you I'd put up a notice on a post somewhere, as they do in California, and claim discovery," said Banks, seriously. "There's no knowing how this thing may end. We may not get away from here for some time yet, and if the Government will sell the place cheap, it wouldn't be a bad spec to buy it. Form a kind of 'Excelsior Company' among ourselves, you know, and go shares."

The four men looked earnestly at each other. Already the lost Excelsior and her mutinous crew were forgotten; even the incidents of the morning—their arrest, the uncertainty of their fate, and the fact that they were in the hands of a hostile community—appeared but as trivial preliminaries to the new life that opened before them! They suddenly became graver than they had ever been—even in the moment of peril.

"I don't see why we shouldn't," said Brace, quickly. "We started out to do that sort of thing in California, and I reckon if we'd found such a spot as this on the Sacramento or American river we'd have been content. We can take turns at housekeeping, prospect a little, and enter into negotiations with the Government. I'm for offering them a fair sum for this ridge and all it contains, at once."

"The only thing against that," said Crosby, slowly, "is the probability that it is already devoted to some other use by the Government. Ever since we've been here I've been thinking—I don't know why—that we've been put in a sort of quarantine. The desertion of the place, the half hospital arrangements of this building, and the means they have taken to isolate us from themselves must mean something. I've read somewhere that, in these out-of-the-way spots in the Tropics, they have a place where they put the fellows with malarious or contagious diseases. I don't want to frighten you, boys; but I've an idea that we're in a sort of lazaretto, and the people outside won't trouble us often."

(To be continued.)

## WANING WINTER.

At first very slowly and imperceptibly, the long dark nights begin to shorten; then, as the year becomes older, and feels its existence is at last a fact, the dawn struggles into being at a much earlier hour than it has done for many a day, and the shrill voices of the robins are heard in company with the mellow tones of the thrush, which, not yet in full song, sits on the topmost bough of the sweet slender birch on the lawn, and tries his voice, repeating now one note, and now another, first singly and then together, until the blackbird is aroused to emulation, and chuckles to himself from the ivy-crowned summer-house, where he appears to have made a winter habitation.

Far away, the solemn rooks are swooping about the elm-trees in our neighbour's park, where one or two steadier members of the community are already beginning their nests, and talking vigorously over their housekeeping arrangements; while the jackdaws caw more loudly than ever, chasing the perpetually chattering starlings from place to place, as they venture to dispute possession with them of any particularly tempting-looking stick or morsel of rubbish that suggests nest-building and a respectable settlement in life.

As the winter wanes, we notice how subtly and well-nigh unnoticeably the colours on the birds' coats become more burnished and brighter; the starlings are transformed into a species of polished dark green and gold in the sunshine, and the blackbird's bill becomes a darker yellow; the rooks appear as if newly polished; and, notwithstanding an access of bitter east wind—one of Winter's last efforts to make his power felt once more—the ragged, rough appearance has gone from the plumage of thrush and sparrow, large or small birds alike; and, as befits the season of courting and love-making, all have donned their newest raiment, which is in the best possible order, too, and seem as if nothing could now dash their rapidly rising spirits.

Nor is this curious heightening of colour, inseparable from the time of year, confined exclusively to the bird-world. On every bank mosses gleam greenly, appearing to start into life between the evening and the dawn; the bark of the trees looks life-like, and loses the dead black appearance it always presents in winter-time; the laurels and evergreen shrubs glisten brilliantly in every stray beam cast down on them from the pale blue sky; and every drop of water, given us lavishly from February Pildyke's store, glitters brilliantly and responsively in the thin yellow sunshine, that is itself clearer and more searching than at any other time of the year.

Still, winter, waning though it may be, dies most reluctantly: now the south-west wind sighs sadly yet hopefully through the rapidly swelling branches; the ever-ready chesnut blows out his sticky brown buds, and the nut-trees hang out their ruddy-tipped promise of fruit; a crocus glitters suddenly out of the dark brown mould; three slender pale snowdrops quiver in one corner; and the yellow aconite glows boldly in every available space; even the hyacinths and tulips are pushing aside the dark earth, and becoming visible; the thrush has learned, or rather "recaptured," some of the old-time rapture of his song, and the whole world carols the old, old melody of "Spring, beautiful spring." Then comes a change: the south-west wind stays her sighing; the stars come out and glitter steely in a steel-blue sky; there is a white rime over all in the morning; and the thrush has gone back to her two notes; the sparrows are pecking at the shrivelled, miserable crocus; the ground is as hard as ever; and Winter appears in truth to be once more the tyrant and cruel Master of Creation that he has been for so weary a time.

Yet this cannot last: the sun makes himself felt; the frost reluctantly retreats before his beams, remaining only in sheltered spots—under the stable wall, or on the roof of the Board school—for a few short moments after the rest; the birds seek the sunniest spots on the highest boughs of the trees, where they sway to and fro in the keen breeze, but talk over matters joyfully, because they know the sunshine means that spring must come. Winter wanes, perhaps, more rapidly outside the garden than it does in an atmosphere of cultivation; for in the lanes and fields there are a thousand signs to tell us we may hope now for better things: far away the tender cry of the tiny lamb greets our ear, answered by the deeper lowing of the mother ewe; and should we lean for a while on a gate, always to our minds the best vantage ground from which to gaze into Nature's secrets, one can catch the lovely sounds of running water, of happy birds, and creaking ploughs; while our other senses are gladdened by the scents of newly turned earth, of the mosses warmed by the sunshine, of the many indescribable odours that tell us that spring is gathering her store of dainty surprises together; while our eyes look gratefully and joyfully on the blue sky, the brown, swelling buds, or on sundry struggling flowers that are already beginning to creep slowly into being, and the finding of which becomes more and more probable the quicker winter wanes, and the more rapidly he allows his sceptre to fall from his grasp into the gentler, kinder hands of spring.

It is, we know, the proper, fashionable thing to make light of and sneer at the scant beauties, the chill winds, the changefulness of the months before us and now with us. We hear of deep blue skies, of marvellous flowers, and delicious languorous heat in other countries, and we are told of the miserable English climate and the cruel east wind; still, we individually cling to our first love, and revel in the hopes that are ours once the days begin to lengthen; and each walk in the garden gives us something to hope for.

We may not always find what we seek in the way of flowers, but rarely a day passes now but something or other happens. The thin small points of the birch have tiny tassels appended; the twin cherry-trees, still decorated with the shreds and patches hung about them last year to frighten away the dear birds, are perceptibly swelling, and give great promise of splendid sheets of blossom later on; curious spears are gleaming through the beds; dark red, button-like appearances are breaking through the ground in the shrubbery, and tiny brown and red leaves are coming out on the roses—still tightly furled, but far too forward to be quite a satisfactory sight so early in the year; while violets are always to be discerned in some sheltered nook, and the conservatory is gay with azaleas, hyacinths, platagenistas, and cinerarias and lilies of the valley, anticipating with their fragrance the garden's glories by some long weeks of time. In an old garden, that yet is new to the present dwellers therein, waning winter is, indeed, as a very magician: as he turns away, folded in his thick grey coat, he allows flowers to rise and buds to swell that have been beautiful before for others, but of whose existence we were ignorant; and if we sigh sentimentally over the snow-drops and primrose-roots that mark two tiny graves, where repose, no doubt, the corpses of some pet bird or cat, we can only smile, when each day develops some unknown glory of which we knew nothing, before waning winter allowed us to discover of how many lovely things we were possessed; and we maintain sturdily that such unknown, such unexpected possessions are worth all the wealth of the Riviera, that may know satiety, but that can never understand the rapture each new bud, or bird, or scent gives us as soon as Christmas and the New Year are fairly over.

J. E. PANTON.



## BITS OF OLD LONDON: OLD INNS.

The City, the Borough, and the banks of the river below the Thames Embankment, still possess some curious relics of the domestic architecture of our ancestors, dating two or three centuries ago. Among the most curious are the back buildings of ancient hosteleries, often partially converted to other uses; the skeletons, the ghosts, the quaint names and signs of old-fashioned taverns often preserving the memory of former habits and customs. It must not be supposed that this is the present situation of every one of the time-favoured establishments depicted in our Artist's Sketches. The Old Bell tavern and hotel, on Holborn Hill, for instance, presenting in its street front the aspect of a large, commodious, and well-built house, makes up good beds for commercial gentlemen from the country, and provides snug dinners; and the twenty-four bells hanging in a row, with numbers painted beside them, under the lamp shown at the right hand of this Sketch, correspond to as many chambers which promise neatness and comfort. The inviting bay windows of the Grapes, at Limehouse, which every passenger on the steam-boat to Greenwich must have observed with a sense of the picturesque, may sometimes afford a pleasant look-out, over a pipe of cavendish and a glass of rum-and-water, to the merchant skipper and his friend waiting for their vessel to get out of dock; watching "the stately ships," no doubt, with sentiments unlike those of Lord Tennyson's enamoured couple, whose "spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips"; though spirits, of one kind or another, do naturally rush somewhere as the lips touch the brim of the glass. There be land rats and water rats, both which kinds, respectively, in the basement of such old buildings, situated in musty nooks of the City or on the marshy shore of the river, naturally find shelter and the chance of food beneath their floors, where they fare much better than any church mice. Eating and drinking, of articles which may, for aught we know, be prime in quality, continues to go on in the portion yet spared for public entertainment of many spacious premises, known to our great-grandfathers and to earlier generations as the accustomed lodgings of men with large stock and traffic, who carried bags of guineas, and who could pay for the best in London, dining early in the afternoon off a sirloin of roast beef or a turkey, and imbibing a bottle of excellent port. Manners and customs have changed; and the richer gentlemen of the mercantile class now prefer to seek needful refreshment at more fashionable hotels and restaurants, or at their clubs, west of Temple Bar and Holborn; but the homely simplicity of the old taverns was not less respectable, in its way, under King George III. Some of them, boldly adding their business to modern habits, from the legal designation of "licensed victuallers," have assumed the specialty of "wine and spirit stores," enlarging their bars in front, and putting in big plate-glass windows, blazing gaslights, and a marble counter, with brass-handled engines for drawing "bitter," "stout," or "Burton," brandy, "Old Tom," "Irish" or "Scotch," as rapidly as hands can work. This style of doing a trade would have astonished the citizens of those days when Hogarth drew his famous pictures of "Beer-street" and "Gin-lane"; but it is not our purpose to moralise upon this occasion. Many of the old inns, with their paved courtyards made available for Pickford's vans and those of the great Railway Companies, have been converted into booking-offices for packages of merchandise, such as that at the Queen's Head, in the Borough; and the George, Southwark was ever famous for its good houses of accommodation for travellers; the Tabard of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, five hundred years ago, then kept by Henry Bailly, who was a Burgess of some importance and a member of Parliament, and who is almost as familiar to us as Sir John Falstaff, was the most important of these hosteleries; but its name was for some time changed into Talbot. The old back building of this celebrated inn was demolished in 1874, with its wooden gallery, upon which was painted, in this century, a picture of the Canterbury Pilgrims; this building, however, was not more ancient than the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The White Hart, also in Southwark, is mentioned by Shakespeare in his "King Henry VI.," having been the lodging of Jack Cade in 1450; while the Boar's Head was the property of the true Sir John Falstaff, or Falstolf, a worthy Knight of Norfolk, and a distinguished soldier, who bequeathed it to Magdalen College, Oxford; and the White Lion became a prison. The Catherine Wheel, so named from the Knightly Order of St. Catherine of Mount Sinai, whose badge was a wheel with spikes, and who protected pilgrims on their road to the Holy Sepulchre, stood on the site of one of the Brighton Railway Company's goods offices. Everybody is acquainted with names of old inns which have been transferred, naturally enough, from the use of country carriers as a resting-place, to the occupation of the great conveyance agencies of modern England; such as the Blossoms inn, in Lawrence-lane, Cheap-side; the Swan-with-Two-Necks, in Gresham-street; the Cross Keys, in Wood-street; the Bull-in-Mouth (Boulogne Mouth), St. Martin's-le-Grand; the Belle Sauvage, Ludgate-hill; and the Bolt-in-Tun, Fleet-street. In some of these places, as shown in our Sketches, the rear and side buildings are still exactly as they were in the seventeenth century, with the timber galleries open to the courtyard, the projecting windows of large apartments and pent-houses over the doors; the interior rooms and staircases have the same antique character. The tavern in Bishopsgate-street, of which we spoke on a former occasion, was named after Sir Paul Pindar, a notable member of the Puritan party, who rendered service as a diplomatist to Cromwell's Government. The remnant of a Strand tavern, called the Fox-under-the-Hill, which some can remember close to the riverside before the Thames Embankment was constructed, will also be observed. There was a steam-boat pier at this point, where, more than forty years ago, the boiler of the Cricket steam-boat exploded, killing a number of passengers.

The owners of the yachts *Coronet* and *Dauntless* have signed an agreement to race from New York to England in March for 10,000 dols. a side.

The annual distribution of the prizes to the 24th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers took place yesterday week at the Guildhall, Mr. Sheriff Isaacs presiding. Colonel Du Plat Taylor said that the 24th Middlesex are now more efficient than ever, and he hoped that the strength would be increased to 2000 before the end of the year. The prizes were then distributed by Mrs. Raikes.

Rewards for bravery were presented as follows by the trustees of the Royal Society for the Protection of Life from Fire:—Silver medals to George Thorne and George Trim for saving life at Hampton Court Palace, on Nov. 19 last; a testimonial to Mrs. F. E. Jewell, of 56, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, for endeavouring to save the life of her servant, whose clothes were set on fire by an accident with a paraffin lamp, on Dec. 3. Certificates and sums of money were also presented to John Moore and George Clarke for meritorious services at Bell-street, Marylebone; to Inspector David Rawlings, of the Metropolitan Police, for rescuing the inmates of 5, Favart-roul, Fulham; and to Police-constables A. Seymour and J. Turner, for prompt and efficient aid at a fire at Cheshunt.

## ART BOOKS.

The importance which houses have assumed in the eyes of their occupants is one of the most striking changes of the Queen's reign; and in any symbolical representation of its course, the goddess of Domesticity clad in the garments of Liberty deserves a foremost place. Among those who have laboured to make our homes healthy and beautiful, Mr. J. Moyr Smith deserves recognition, and his handsomely prepared volume, *Ornamental Interiors* (Cresby, Lockwood, and Co.), relates in pleasant language, and with copious illustrations, the history of the decoration of the dwelling from the days of the ancient Egyptians to our own. Nothing seems to have progressed more steadily than men's ideas of comfort, whilst those of beauty have not unfrequently harked back to an earlier date. "Revivals" of taste have not always been identical with poverty of imagination or with satiety; but have frequently been due to a recognition that our forefathers in art had produced what was applicable to our altered standard of comfort. No one will doubt that the furniture of the present day is more adapted to our present self-indulgent habits than that with which our fathers furnished their houses when setting up in married life. At the same time we find that the revival of the style of the still more austere Jacobean or Anne periods has not interfered with the comforts of the Victorian. How this has come about, to whom it is mainly due, and by what means its best features can be preserved, Mr. Moyr Smith sets out at considerable length, and with earnest conviction. His acquaintance with his subject is obvious, and if he writes freely, it is because he writes knowingly; and an appeal from his judgment lies in the reader's power to the plates by which the text is liberally illustrated. In appearance the volume is essentially a drawing-book; but its contents are of so practical a nature that it equally deserves a place in the study.

In a portable volume, of which the price brings it within the reach of all, Mr. Owen W. Davis, in *The Rudiments of Decorative Painting* (Winsor and Newton), gives a variety of practical suggestions applicable to every-day life. Mr. Owen Davis does not range himself in that select school of decorators who profess to content themselves with "art for art's sake," regardless of the protests of paterfamilias on the score of expense, or of the lady of the house on the ground of use or beauty. He admits readily that modern taste and enterprise have placed within the reach of even moderate incomes materials for making the home bright, comfortable, and attractive. He holds, moreover, to the view that it is within the power of others beside those professionally educated to achieve for themselves these results. To aid them in their work he discusses the subject in plain, intelligible language, guiding them in the way that they are already willing to go. Each portion of the house—the hall, the staircase, the living and sleeping rooms—is treated separately; and useful sketches are given of the style of ornamentation most suitable in each; and, by the aid of a set of colour tints adapted for interior decoration, Mr. Davis enables his reader to conceive a very fair idea of the general effect his designs, if adopted, would produce. In the selection of wall-papers, he gives many useful hints; and is, we are glad to notice, opposed to those which are too "patterny." He insists, moreover, with equal force, upon the drawbacks which monotony—often defended by the timorous under the title of "simplicity"—produces, especially in small houses and rooms.

The completion of Mr. J. E. Price's *Descriptive Account of the Guildhall of the City of London* (privately printed for the Corporation) has, by a lucky accident, coincided with the millennium of the City as a municipal constitution. As Mr. Loftie has tersely expressed it, "London was founded exactly a thousand years ago by King Alfred, who chose for the site of his city a place formerly fortified by the Romans, but desolated, successively, by the Saxons and the Danes." This coincidence was, doubtless, unforeseen when the ex-Lord Mayor (Alderman Staples) and his colleagues of the Library Committee first projected this distinctive and worthy memorial of the great civic building. But, although, from very early times the citizens of London enjoyed special municipal privileges, and were represented by officers who held a recognised position in national as well as municipal affairs, a long period elapsed before they had a definitive meeting-place. The Court of Aldermen, or Barons of London, met together in council in various places within the City, but nothing in the nature of an Hôtel de Ville existed until the twelfth or thirteenth century. The importance then acquired by the City guilds, or livery companies, led to the erection of halls, where these bodies assembled from time to time to discuss matters connected with their special trades, or the management of the wards in which they exercised a dominant influence. The foreign merchants had also their "Guildhall"—the "Aula Teutonorum"—in the Steelyard, of which Cannon-Street Railway Station now occupies the site; but the first English hall was probably situated in Aldermanbury, where the Aldermen held their "bery," or court. One of the earliest references to the Guildhall under its present name occurs A.D. 1212, when the fears of the citizens for their public buildings had been raised by a destructive fire, in which London Bridge, then a wooden structure, had been destroyed. From about A.D. 1250 onwards, however, we stand on firmer ground, and can trace the gradual extension of the Guildhall, which occupied the site of the present buildings, and were the scene of some of the most interesting events in the history of the City of London. Early in the fifteenth century it was practically rebuilt, the need of a "fayre and goodly house" being recognised by the corporation and citizens, from whom generous subscriptions were forthcoming. For the successive extensions and embellishments of the hall, we must refer the curious to Mr. Price's exhaustive description, and to the views and plans, admirably reproduced from contemporary drawings, with which this work is profusely illustrated. The old hall and all its associations disappeared in the great fire of 1666. It was rebuilt from designs by Sir Christopher Wren, but has been so frequently enlarged and embellished, especially externally, that little besides the grand central hall, with its high-pitched roof, remains of the architect's original design. It does not fall within our purpose to go through the history of the events with which the Guildhall has been associated. They belong to the history of the country; but we are indebted to Mr. Price and the Corporation for a noble record of the services which the City of London has rendered to the liberties of the country and of the City. Mr. Alderman Staples is especially to be congratulated upon associating his mayoralty with a work so worthy of the traditions of the body of which he was the chief magistrate. It is a noteworthy coincidence, too, that, after an interval of five hundred years, we should have had Lord Mayor Staples associated for a second time with the Jubilee year of the Sovereign's reign.

The 129th anniversary festival of the Orphan Working School was held last week at Willis's Rooms, where Mr. B. L. Cohen presided over a large company, and ably urged the claims of the institution. Contributions to the extent of £4000 were announced.

## AFTERNOON IN ARRAN.

Sixty miles from the city! There, on this February day, the streets will be chill and cheerless; the air fog-laden with the smoke of a hundred factories, and the black pavements slippery with the mud of a thousand hurrying feet. Here, at the back of Arran, there is no sound to be heard but the soft rushing rhythm of the waves upon the beach, while the sun, tempering the pleasant sea-breeze, strikes the dry shingle and the grey boulders at the foot of the cliffs with something of its southern warmth. How clear the air is, too. The brown sail of the lugger far out yonder on the Sound can be distinctly seen against the dark green background of the Cantyre hills, making its slow way along the coast to Campbeltown. Even the lonely farmhouses nestling at far intervals in the hollows of those hills, can be easily made out—quiet spots where life has time to linger and grow sweet and gather memories. Here, on the remote side of the island, with the sea before and the barrier cliff above, as far as human presence is concerned, there comes

No life but the sea-wind's, restless  
Night and day.

Only, some hundred paces down the beach in front, on a strip of brown sand just left by the falling tide, a few sea-swallows are moving oddly about, seeking probably for shell-fish; while from the mysterious caves in the cliff behind there comes occasionally the sudden rush of wings, and a pair of blue pigeons flash into the sunlight along the rock face.

Great rents in the rugged side of the hill are these dim caves, their entrances well-nigh barred by huge, shapeless masses of rock fallen ages ago from the cliff beetling above. Tradition runs that it was here the Bruce lay hid before his descent upon the Carrick shore. Indeed, Arran holds many memories of the King—the oak table in Bredick Castle, the earthworks in Glen Cloy, and the name itself of the clachan of King's Cross, whence, it is said, he embarked on his perilous enterprise. But whatever the scenes there caverns once witnessed, seldom does a step ring now along the sand-strewn floors, and their shadowy recesses are silent all and tenantless, save by the blue rock-pigeons and the wind.

A little further along the shore, where the headland stands out against sky and sea, the cliffs rise fluted and columned like the ruined side of some cathedral aisle. There, in winter and at the equinox, the storm-winds render up their awful harmonies, while the mountain surge of the Atlantic booms its diapason of thunder. The same basaltic rock it is that paves the Giants' Causeway on the Irish coast, and props the roof in the sea-swept caves of Staffa. Here countless fragments of it, loosened by time and torn off by the storm, lie heaped and scattered in tremendous confusion at the feet of the precipice—blocks waiting for the hand of Titan architects.

But it is time to be moving, though it is very pleasant in this sunny nook under the great grey boulder, where the warm air is strong with the fresh smell of the sea: the afternoon is wearing on, and the sun already making towards the west.

The way back by the shore is somewhat rough, and rather long for the few remaining hours of daylight, so it will be better to strike over the end of the cliffs here and cross the moors. The upward path, too, is not nearly so precarious as it looks, for there are countless sheep-tracks worn along the grassy ledges. Up, then, higher and higher along the hill-side, holding now by a wiry bunch of brown heather, now by a withered tuft of last year's ferns, till the murmur of the sea sounds far below, and the eye, ranging away southward along the blue level of the Firth, reaches the grey island of Sanda, and, just visible, twenty miles in the offing, the lonely Ailsa Craig.

Below the hill here, a couple of miles to the right, among their patches of green pasture by the shore, appear now the few humble fishing crofts of Machrie Bay; and southwards, to the left, in the mouth of the Blackwater burn, a trading sloop lies stranded near the quiet inn. Nothing moving is in sight but the far-off post-gig, making its way inland along the road at the foot of the hills, from Blackwaterfoot to Shedog. Down yonder, in the hollow of the moorland waste, stand the grey stone circles of the Druids. Further inland, where the roads from Machrie and Blackwaterfoot meet to cross the island, there are fields, already ploughed, and pastures, and a white farmhouse here and there, with a few mountain birches and the remaining yellow bee-hive ricks of last year's autumn about it. But the moorland here is wild as the Druids left it, shaggy with waist-high heather, visited in summer only by the wandering sheep, and hearing but seldom even the far-off cry of the shepherd. The wild state of the moors makes it difficult, especially after the drier hillside has been descended, to hold a straight path for the Druid remains. There are suspicious peat-hags to be avoided, and rush-grown hollows to be skirted, most of which will be firm enough in summer, but are soft yet and spongy with the winter rains. On this quickly-fading afternoon there is little time to linger by the way, but upon these moors material in plenty for the ramble of a long July day is to be found. Here, on the mossy ridges of peat, the treacherous sun-dew still spreads its tempting fly-trap petals in the sun; while close by, on the open spaces of waste, are yet to be seen the yellow seed-spikes of the mystic asphodel.

But, see! The sun has set, and the western heavens to the zenith are stained with orange and primrose and lime blossom; the dark ridges of the rugged Arran mountains cut purple against the sapphire sky of the east; and high above them, in the clear blue, a faint cloud drifts, like a green veil, across the silver disc of the moon. Brown vapours as of smoke are going up in the west, and night is coming down among the hills.

There, in the gathering dusk, at intervals upon the moor stand the stone circles of the Druids. Inscrutable as the Egyptian Sphinx, they stand here with sealed lips, grey memories of a Past that cannot die. For tens of centuries they have seen the dusks gather and the stars swim overhead; but no rising sun has wakened them from their silence, and still they keep the stony secret of their origin, though they could not keep the ashes of the dead committed to their charge.

It is night now, though; and the awe of life and death, the solemnity of lost ages, rules in the presence of these giant forms. It is cold, too, on these northern moors of a February night. Let us seek, then, the moorland farmhouse of a friend, not far away, where the glow of a great peat fire will be filling the brown-raftered kitchen with light and warmth, where the Goodman will give us a welcome, and the goodwife a seat by the ingle-neuk; while the sonny servant-lass, dark-eyed and ruddy-lipped with the health of the hills, sets on the white deal table something of Arran cheer.

G. E. T.

Mr. G. Selater-Booth, M.P., has accepted the presidency of the congress of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain to be held at Bolton in September next.

A conversation, attended by about 500 persons, took place at the Mansion House on Friday week, at the invitation of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, on behalf of the Central Poor and East-End District of the London City Mission. Among the speakers were the Lord Mayor, Lord Herschell, and Sir Charles Warren.





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THE OLD BELL, HOLBORN.



QUEENS' HEAD, SOUTHWARK.



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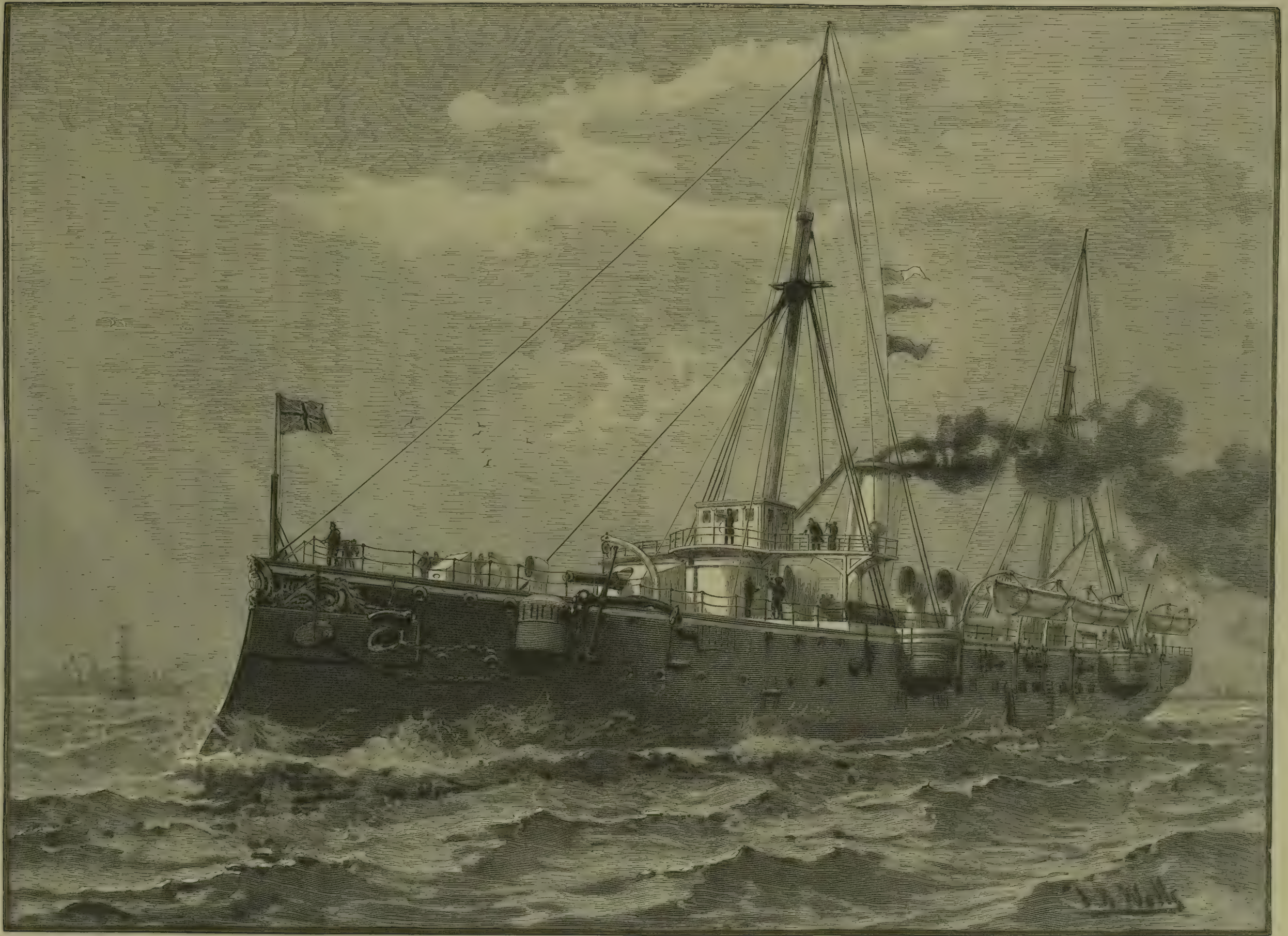


THE FOX UNDER THE HILL,  
ADELPHI.



THE GEORGE, SOUTHWARK.





H.M.S. MERSEY, NEW SWIFT CRUISER.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1862) of the Right Hon. George William, Viscount Barrington, late of Beckett Shrivensham, Berks, who died on Nov. 6 last, at Grimthorpe Castle, Lincolnshire, was proved on the 10th inst. by the Right Hon. Isabella Elizabeth, Viscountess Barrington, the widow, and Thomas Price, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £43,000. The testator gives all his property, both real and personal, and all property over which he has a general power of disposition, to his wife for her absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Nov. 6, 1877), with a codicil (dated Oct. 11, 1882), of Sir Edward Clarence Kerrison, Bart., J.P., D.L., formerly M.P., successively, for Eye and East Suffolk, late of Oakley Park and Brome Hall, Suffolk, who died on July 12 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by Lord Ashburton and Lord Digby, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £75,000. The testator gives £500, his residence, No. 51, Berkeley-square, and the stables, with the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, and such furniture and chattels at Oakley Park and Brome Hall as she may select, to the value of £1000, to his wife; his gold and silver plate, jewellery, diamonds, pictures, furniture, and effects (not selected by his wife) to the person who shall be entitled in possession to Oakley Park, to be enjoyed therewith as a heirloom; and legacies to indoor and outdoor servants in receipt of yearly wages who have been five years in his service at his death. He also gives to his wife Pool House and Pool Farm, Suffolk, now used as a reformatory school, and he recommends her to give the same to the county of Suffolk for a reformatory school. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for his nephew, Arthur Henry Henniker-Major, absolutely.

The will (dated July 16, 1883) of Mr. William Stewart, late of Wakefield, solicitor, and colliery proprietor, who died on Dec. 14 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry, on the 29th ult., by William Henry Stewart and Martin Stewart, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £175,000. The testator gives an annuity of £150 to Sarah Margaret Crossland; his property at Westgate, Wakefield, to his son William Henry; £1000 to his son Martin; his office furniture and law books to his said two sons; and his household furniture, plate, pictures, and effects (except a few things specifically bequeathed) to his daughter Mary so long as she shall remain single, and then for all his children. Full power and directions are given as to the carrying on of his colliery business, and annual allowances are to be made to his trustees for their management. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one seventh to each of his four sons, William Henry, Martin, Herbert, and Walter Edward; and one seventh, upon trust, for each of his three daughters, Mrs. Sibyl Ann Tait, Mrs. Edith Orwin, and Miss Mary Stewart.

The will (dated Oct. 8, 1886) of Mrs. Eliza Macfarlane Begg, late of Canon's Park, Edgware, Middlesex, who died on the 2nd ult., was proved on the 11th inst. by Mrs. Susan Dunsmure Henderson, the sister, and Duncan McNeill, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £112,000. The testatrix bequeaths £700, upon trust, to maintain and keep in repair the tomb of her late husband, at Whitechurch, near Canon's Park; £20,000, upon trust, for her sister Mrs. Henderson, for life, and then for her children as she shall appoint; £20,000, upon trust, to pay £50 per annum to her sister Mrs. Benjamin Chalmers, and subject thereto to pay the income to her niece Mrs. Isabella Macfarlane Graham, for life, and then for her children by her husband, the Rev. Philip Graham, as she shall appoint; £5000, upon trust, to pay an annuity of £25 to Mrs. Chalmers, and subject thereto for her great-niece Elizabeth Janet Forbes, and her children; £5000, upon trust, to pay the like annuity of £25, and subject thereto for her great-nephew, William David Forbes, and his children; £5000, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Horne Bentley, for life, and then in equal moieties for the said Elizabeth Janet Forbes and William David Forbes, and their respective children; her furniture, plate, pictures, statuary, musical instruments, horses and carriages, equally between her sister Mrs. Henderson, her said niece Mrs. Graham, and her great-niece Elizabeth Janet Forbes; and numerous other legacies to relatives and others. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third each to her sister Mrs. Henderson, and her niece Mrs. Graham, absolutely; and one third, in equal moieties, upon trust, for the said Elizabeth Janet Forbes and William David Forbes, and their children.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1883), with two codicils (dated Nov. 14, 1883, and Nov. 4, 1884), of Major James Hastings Lindsay Metcalfe Toone, late of No. 37, Kirkdale, Sydenham, and of the Junior United Service Club, who died on Dec. 15 last, at Funchal, Madeira, was proved on the 5th inst. by John Ribton Garstin and Richard Woolcombe, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £56,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and household goods to his wife, Mrs. Emma Toone; and there are some other bequests. A fund is to be set aside to produce £1200 per annum to be paid to his wife during widowhood, and then as to one fourth of such fund to his children or remoter issue as she shall appoint. The residue of

his property he leaves to be equally divided between his children.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1885), with two codicils (both dated Dec. 24, 1886), of Mr. Henry Beardshaw, late of No. 244, High-street, Lewisham, who died on Dec. 28 last, was proved on the 5th inst., by Henry Cleveland Beardshaw, and Edward Beddome Forbes, the nephew, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £35,000. The testator, after giving a few legacies, gives one third of the residue of his property to each of his sons, Henry Cleveland and Wilfred; and one third, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Mary Ferry Smith.

The will (dated Dec. 12, 1883), with four codicils (dated July 25, 1884; Sept. 29, 1885; and June 7, 1886), of Mrs. Rosalinda Alicia De Grenier Cox (widow of the late Mr. Serjeant Cox), late of Moat Mount, near Mill-hill, Hendon, who died on the 12th ult., was proved on the 1st inst. by Horace Cox and James Powell, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £28,000. There are numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants; and as to the residue of her real and personal estate, the testatrix leaves one moiety to her son, Harding De Fonblanque Cox; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her daughter, Mrs. Ada Rosalind Edwards.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1885) of Mr. Oriel Farnell Walton, late of Arundel House, Twickenham Park, who died on Nov. 2 last, was proved on the 2nd inst. by Mrs. Katherine Augusta Walton, the widow, Major Henry Ernest Baskerville Walton, the brother, and Arthur Alfred Barnard, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £21,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his wife, and there are one or two other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood. In the event of her marrying again a fixed annuity is given to her; and, subject thereto, for all his children.

## H.M.S. MERSEY.

This ship, built at the Royal Dockyard, Chatham, is the first of a new class of "protected corvettes," strongly armed, to act as swift cruisers, and presents some structural characteristics which entitle her to be regarded as an innovation in Admiralty ship-building in this country. It is evident that in future maritime operations of a hostile character the fast-steaming cruiser will play an important part, and in order to render such craft seaworthy and shot-proof, the "protective" principle of hexagonal steel-plated hulls and superstructure decks has been adopted. In the Mersey all the vital parts of the vessel—engines, boilers, magazines, and steering apparatus—are inclosed within a steel hexagonal hull, the plates varying from two to three inches in thickness. The upper and main decks could thus be demolished without affecting the stability or propelling powers of the vessel. Being designed as an armed cruiser, for service in which her usefulness, and her own safety upon occasion, will depend upon her speed and ability to manoeuvre rapidly, the Mersey is fitted rather for attack than defence. Although she might not be able to do much mischief to a fort or a first-class ironclad, her armament, including two 8-in. and ten 6-in. breechloading guns, torpedoes, and ram, would make her a formidable opponent for any unarmoured ship. The guns are disposed so as to give the power of firing with the greatest possible effect while manoeuvring. The two large guns are pivoted, one on the fore-castle and one on the poop. On either side, fore and aft of midships, are two projections or sponsons, and in each of these one of the 6-in. guns is placed, the others, three on a side, between the sponsons, increasing the effectiveness of her broadside fire. Long ports in the forward sponsons permit the guns to be trained 4 deg. across the bow and to an angle of 60 deg. abaft, giving a lateral range of 154 deg., while they may also be fired with a depression of 7 deg. or at an elevation of 20 deg. The after-sponsons admit of an equal range of fire. These guns carry their own shields for the protection of the gunners. She also carries one 9-pounder and one 7-pounder boat and field gun, a 1-in. Nordenfeldt, and two 45-in. Gardner guns. Whitehead torpedoes will be carried, and provision is made for discharging them either above or below water on each broadside. Except for the steel-faced armour, 9 in. thick, protecting the conning-tower and the steel protective deck-plating, 2 in. thick where it is horizontal and 3 in. thick where it slopes downwards across the coal compartments at the sides, the Mersey is unarmoured. The authorised complement of coal is 500 tons. Her engines, of the horizontal compound pattern, are of 6000 indicated horse power. She is provided with twin-screw propellers, and her speed will be 18 to 19 knots an hour. The principal dimensions of the ship are—Length between perpendiculars, 300 ft.; extreme breadth, 46 ft.; mean draught of water, 17 ft. 9 in.; load draught amidships, 19 ft.; load displacement, 3600 tons. Her crew will number 300 officers and men. The trials of her steaming were finished last week at Portsmouth, with very satisfactory results.

Lord Egerton has accepted the chairmanship of the Board of Directors of the Manchester Ship Canal Company.

## THE PEABODY TRUST.

The twenty-second annual report of the trustees of the Peabody Donation Fund shows that the net gain of the year, from rents and interest, has been £29,656. The sum given and bequeathed by Mr. Peabody was, in 1862, £150,000; in 1866, £100,000; in 1868, £100,000; and in 1873, £150,000—making a total of £500,000, to which has been added money received for rent and interest, £410,668—making a total fund on Dec. 31 last of £910,668. Of the £390,000 borrowed of the Public Works Loan Commissioners and others, mentioned in the last report, the Trustees have paid off £88,666, leaving a balance unpaid of £301,333. Within the past year the trustees have expended on land and buildings £5911, making the total expenditure to the end of the year £1,216,462. During the year the trustees have opened five blocks of buildings at Old Pye-street, Westminster, containing 262 rooms. Up to the end of the year the Trustees have provided for the artisan and labouring poor of London 11,150 rooms, besides bath-rooms, laundries, and wash-houses, occupied by 20,228 persons. These rooms comprise 5014 separate dwellings, say 74 of four rooms, 1782 of three rooms, 2350 of two rooms, and 808 of one room. The average rent of each dwelling was 4s. 9½d. per week, and of each room 2s. 1½d. The rent in all cases includes the free use of water, laundries, sculleries, and bath-rooms.

## FOOTBALL.

All games played with a ball in the open air must be considered among the healthiest of pastimes. They train the body in strength and agility of limb, the lungs in power of breath, the hand and eye in quickness and precision; while the mental faculties of prompt decision and instantaneous calculation, upon which the practical business of life so much depends, are exercised under high pressure of sportive social competition. If there be any kind of ball-play that can scarcely be praised for these advantages of physical and moral education, it is the tedious and dawdling game called "croquet," which was fashionable a quarter of a century ago, but is now happily out of favour. The good old English practices of bowls, skittles, and quoits, are highly salutary; all throwing is good, even with chance stones at a mark; but throwing with catching, and with some running, is still better. Tennis, and "fives," the latter being the old game played with the bare hand instead of a bat, are commendable as requiring a constant upward-looking posture and an upstriking blow, which are probably the best regimen for the muscles of the chest, and teach us to direct our gaze towards the sky, the noble prerogative of the "os sublime" ascribed to the human race. The invention of "lawn tennis," with a rather horizontal aim, but with considerable spaciousness of range, has done much good to our girls. There are, however, two noble manly games, cricket and football, that have the peculiar merit of demanding that combined and organised action of the players, on each of the two opposite sides, which is the secret of success in many social affairs, in war, in the fair strife of political parties, and in all English public business. It is said to be doubtful of which of these customary recreations, performed in the playing-fields of a great public school, an illustrious military commander once remarked that "the victories of the British Army were won beforehand in this play"; but every spectator must observe that both are likely to be serviceable to the future officer and to the common soldier; for the one exhibits, in its fielding, the necessity of outpost vigilance and alacrity, as well as the individual prowess of the bowler and batsman in the attack and defence of a guarded position at the wicket; and football, in which all soldiers ought to be encouraged to amuse themselves, is the best possible imitation of an actual assault and hand-to-hand combat on the battle-field. Kicks and rushes may be left to those who like them; but, while the parents of schoolboys rightly deplore such casualties as broken ribs and collar bones, and dislocated shoulders, it is probable that they might be avoided by taking care to select players more equally matched in strength and weight. A boy would not be likely to suffer any of those serious injuries from being fallen upon by one of his own size; unless he were exceptionally weak, and his joints badly knit and bones unduly brittle, which ought to exclude him from so rough a contest. But when an almost full-grown body, weighing nearly ten stone, comes down with the knee upon the puny frame of one who is little better than a child, which is the case with many lads of fifteen, it is no wonder that mischief is accidentally done. All football players should be classed, according to weight.

Football, on account of the simplicity and directness of its plan, is a sport that has been popular in our own country from a very ancient period. In the twelfth century, it is first mentioned by William Fitzstephen, in his curious description of the manners and habits of the Londoners; but it was probably inherited from their Saxon ancestors; and we are told that Shrove Tuesday, above the many other holidays enjoined by the Church on the inhabitants of this City, was especially devoted to this pastime. In the reign of Edward III., when the practice of archery was urgently demanded for the wars in France, an edict was issued for a time prohibiting football, on the ground that it interfered with the prescribed

(Continued on page 244.)

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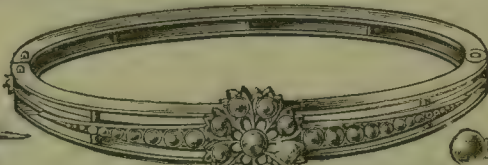
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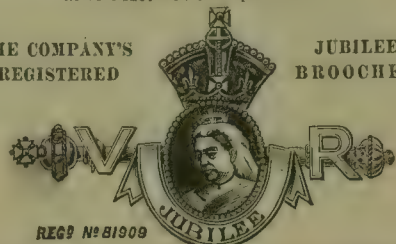


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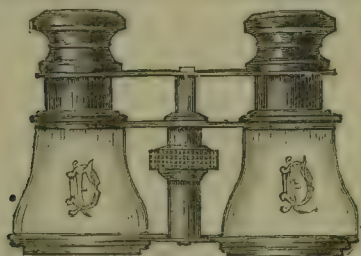
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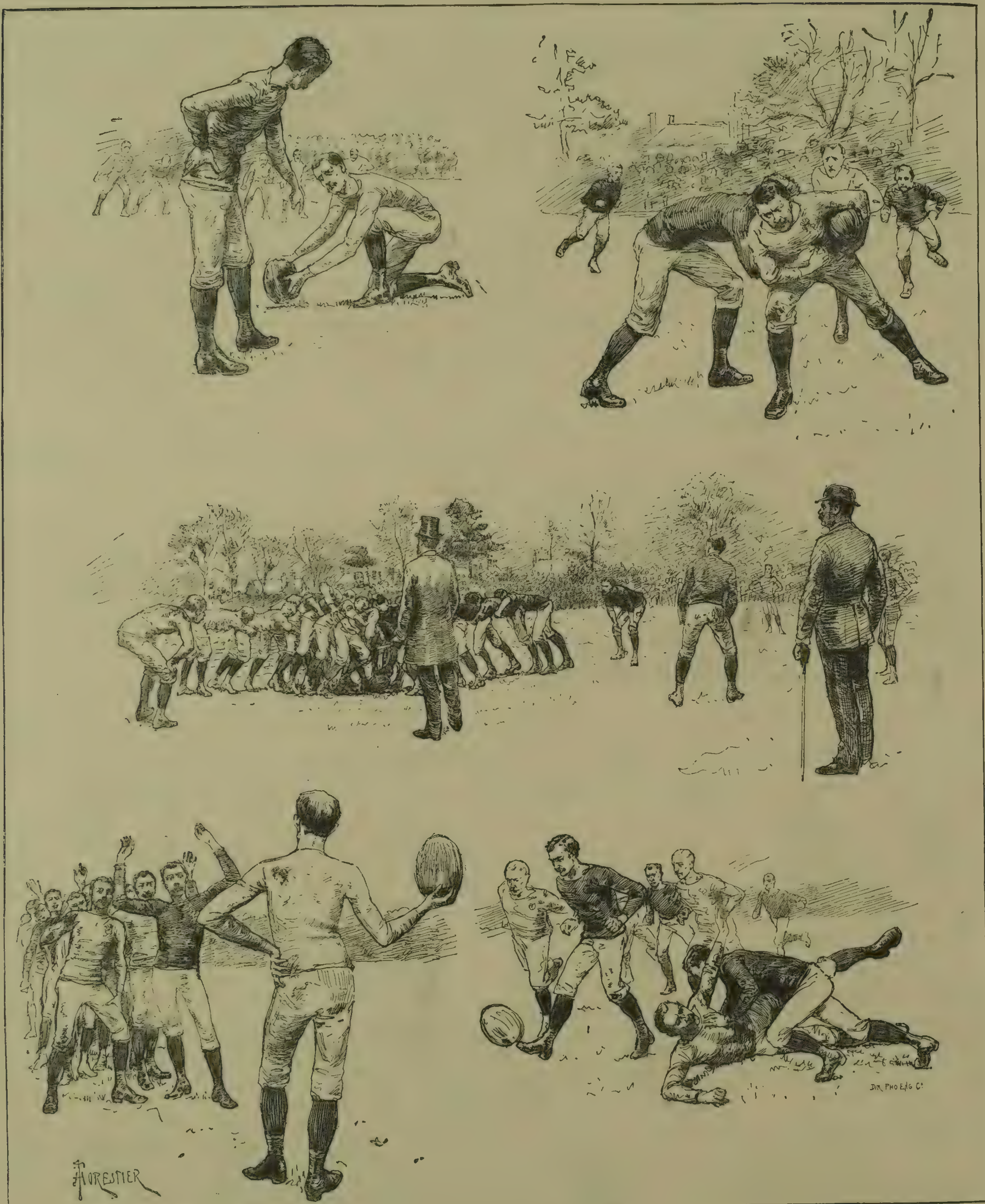
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FOOTBALL SKETCHES.

training at the "butts" in the use of the long bow; and a similar prohibition in 1448 is on record. The ball then used was made of a bladder, which sometimes contained dry beans and peas to make a rattling sound. In some old verses referring to this sport, a poet informs us that the players vied with one another "with foote and with hande the bladder for to smite"; and adds that "if it fall to ground they lift it up again." It would appear the game even in very ancient times was not so properly called football as campball, and that it was not played with the feet alone, as football ought, strictly speaking, to have been. The practices of catching and even picking up from the ground were perfectly recognised; and thus the Rugby rules of the present day are warranted by the example of antiquity. From the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, after the foundation of our great schools, it seems that each of them, and those afterwards founded, worked out in their own way the plan of the game. The scholars of Winchester reduced the size of their football ground to that of a small court, walling it in so that the ball, unless it rose high in the air, could not pass outside the limits so fixed. They established the rule peculiar to themselves that a ball rolling along the ground may not be kicked

up into the air, so as to fly above either the enclosing walls or the heads of the adverse side. They instituted the tremendous ordeal of "hots," in which the opposing bands engaged in a head to head and shoulder to shoulder struggle of the most desperate kind, having their hands and feet all on the ground, with the ball in the midst of this toiling mass of bodies. Very different was the idea of the Rugby game, in which the fleetest runner and boldest "charger" was likely to come off the best. Holding and tripping up were allowed; and "hacking," now abolished, formed an excuse for kicks aimed at the legs of the adversary. There were other peculiarities in different school systems. At Eton and Winchester, the ball had to be kicked between the two goal-posts; but whether it passed them at a height of an inch, a yard, or twenty yards, made no difference at all. But at Eton, the ball must be actually kicked through; and, as long as it was so kicked through, it mattered not that it had touched anything else on the way. At Winchester, on the other hand, it must pass through after having last touched a player of the opposing side, and it mattered not whether it came off his foot or any other part of his body, though it might not be thrown unless

in the exceptional case of a "catch" having been made. By the Rugby rules, the ball must be kicked over a bar fixed at a certain height. By the "Association" rules, which are somewhat of a combination of the Winchester and Harrow with the Eton system, the goal-keeper may, in defence of his post, stop the ball with his hands; but the Eton player must use his feet only. At Eton, the game is begun by forming a "bully" in the middle of the ground, and when the ball is kicked out of play by this, it is received by an opposite "bully"; the Association game, on the contrary, begins with a free kick-off, and the ball, when it passes out of play, is thrown in at will by any player on the opposite side. The Eton game does not allow the front players to kick the ball far away from them, but requires them to "run it down," with slight kicks incessantly repeated, the performer going at speed through the ranks of his opponents, which is a very interesting sight. If the ball is forced behind the goal, but not through the posts, and is there secured by one of the other side, it becomes the subject of a set "scrimmage," a desperate rough struggle of pushing, wrestling, and kicking, between two solid masses of fellows, using all their strength and weight in combined efforts to break up each other's phalanx, and to capture the ball.





1. Path on the Geiereck.

2. Mountain Precipices, near Salzburg.

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## SALZBURG AND THE UNTERSBERG.

The city of Salzburg, the capital of a province formerly ruled by an Archbishop Prince of the old German Empire, but now forming part of the dominions of the Empire of Austria, is situated 156 miles south-west of Vienna, and seventy miles south-east of Munich. It is half surrounded by the Rhaetian and Noric Alps, with beautiful woods and meadows, and hills rising one above another, from the banks of the river Salza or Salzach, where the city, with its rock crowned by a huge old castle, stands on both the river-banks. Wilkie, the Scottish painter, said of it that it was as if the Old Town of Edinburgh, with its castle on a rock, were planted in the Trossachs, and had a broad, swift river like the Tay flowing between the houses of the town. One of the Sketches now published, which were drawn by the late Mr. S. Read, gives a fair view of Salzburg, but does not show the Kapuzinerberg, the mountain close to the town on the near side of the river. The hill on the opposite side, a spur of which is occupied by the castle, is the Mönchsberg, through which a tunnel 300 ft. long is cut to the western gate of the town. Salzburg was the birthplace of Mozart, whose memory is cherished by the townsfolk, there being a statue of the gifted musical composer in the Mozarts-platz, and a museum of Mozart relics. The population is about 25,000, and the place flourishes by the trade in the abundant mineral wealth of this district, especially the salt-mines of Hallein. The cathedral, built early in the seventeenth century, is the finest example of Italian Renaissance architecture in Germany; the Benedictine Abbey, and the ancient palace of the Archbishops, are worthy of inspection. Few towns have such near access to so many scenes of romantic beauty; the Traunsee lies to the east, and the Chiemsee, with the late King of Bavaria's wonderful palace, to the west; but to the south, over the Bavarian frontier, is Berchtesgaden, one of the most picturesque regions in Europe. Here is the Untersberg, a mountain 6509 ft. high, the surface of which affords great variety of studies for the mineralogist and the botanist; while those who love Alpine climbing adventures may exercise themselves in arduous feats among its peaks and precipices; and a great natural curiosity is found in the Kolowrat caverns, with their enduring masses of ice in the interior recesses, accidentally discovered some thirty or forty years ago. The Kolowrats-höhle are on the eastern slope of the Geiereck, one of the peaks of the Untersberg, and may be reached from Glaneck in three or four hours, but it is necessary to take guides, and to be provided with ropes and lanterns. On entering the first cavern, the largest piece of ice at its back has the appearance of a waterfall suddenly frozen; the masses are of a pyramidal form, as shown in our Sketches, and there are different scientific theories of the mode in which they have been produced. There has for ages been a popular legend in Germany, that one of the famous ancient Emperors, Charlemagne or Frederick Barbarossa, instead of having died, was sleeping in a cavern of the Untersberg, or of some other mountain; and that he would start up and take command of the German nation, some day or other, when the Empire should be restored in full military power. We are not aware, however, that this formidable resurrection of either of the old Emperors took place in 1871, after the victorious war in France; and King William of Prussia was then crowned as German Emperor, with no such rival claimant arising from remote antiquity to demand his place upon the throne.

The Duke of Cambridge will open the new street from Charing-cross to Tottenham-court-road to-day (Saturday).

It has been officially reported that the expenditure in respect to the riots at the West-End last year, including the cost of administration, amounted to £7600 7s. 7d.

Coursing for the Waterloo Cup resulted in a division between Mr. R. F. Gladstone's Greater Scot and Mr. T. D. Hornby's Herschel. The Plate was divided between Happy Omen and Harpstring. Alec Ruby won the Purse.

Lady Jessel has recently paid into the bankers of the North London or University College Hospital £2000, for the permanent endowment of a bed in this hospital to be called the "George Jessel" bed.—Mr. Goschen has consented to preside at the festival dinner in aid of the funds of this charity to be held on Wednesday, April 27.

The old Cathedral of St. Columbs, Londonderry, from the roof of which cannons were discharged at King James's army during the siege of Derry, was on Friday week, after renovation and enlargement, opened with an imposing ceremonial. The Lord Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Dublin, and nearly 200 clergymen took part in a procession down the aisle. The Mayor and Corporation also attended.

Resolutions were passed, at a meeting in the Crystal Palace of inhabitants of Sydenham and the surrounding district, affirming the desirability of maintaining the Palace as a national institution, appointing a committee to consider the best means of obtaining national support during the Jubilee year, and approving the formation of another committee to devise a plan whereby residents around the Palace may engage to support the institution by taking season tickets.

Last Saturday afternoon the Postmaster-General was present at the official opening of a new post-office at Windsor. The new building, which is a handsome structure, is in the Tudor style of architecture, and is situated in the High-street. Mr. Raikes having declared the post-office open to the public, the party returned to the Townhall, where the Mayor and Corporation entertained the Postmaster-General and a number of of visitors at luncheon.

The anniversary meeting of the Geological Society of London was held on Friday last week—the president, Professor J. W. Judd, in the chair. The presidential address, which was mainly on the connection between geology and mineralogy, was, as is usual, preceded by brief obituary notices of the more distinguished Fellows of the society who have died during the preceding twelve months. The Wollaston gold medal was presented to Mr. J. W. Hulke; the Murchison bronze medal to the Rev. P. B. Brodie; the Lyell bronze medal to Mr. S. Allport; and the Bigsby gold medal to Professor C. Lapworth. The Wollaston fund was presented to Mr. B. N. Peach; the Murchison fund to Mr. R. Kidston; and the Lyell fund to the Rev. Osmond Fisher.

Sir R. Temple, M.P., presided last Saturday afternoon, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, at the distribution of prizes and certificates awarded by the College of Preceptors. In opening the proceedings he stated that eight years ago there were only 700 schools, having about 50,000 scholars connected with the college, and only 7000 were examined. Now there are 4000 schools under the influence of the college, having 200,000 scholars, of whom about 100,000 are sent as candidates for examination. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge now examine together about 10,000 annually; but the College of Preceptors covered a somewhat broader and larger ground than the Universities did. Having dwelt upon the great progress of education in this country in recent years, Sir R. Temple gave some practical advice to those engaged in imparting instruction, strongly recommending a study of the German language.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

N. F. (Cardiff).—We are much obliged for the games. One of them appears below.

L. B. (Bruges).—Your last letter has been answered through the post.

V. H. (Wrexham).—The "Chess Problem Text-Book," price seven and sixpence, and Mr. Abbott's collection of 121 problems, price one shilling, are both excellent works. Get both.

PETERHOUSE.—Sorry to learn of your illness, but hope now to hear from you frequently.

J. F. W.—It is impossible to estimate the time likely to be occupied in the construction or solving of a good problem.

AMATEUR (Malvern).—Apply to James Wade, 18, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, London.

A. F. M. (Chester).—The amended form of your problem seems an improvement on the original. It shall be examined.

F. HOFFMAN (Munich).—It shall appear next week.

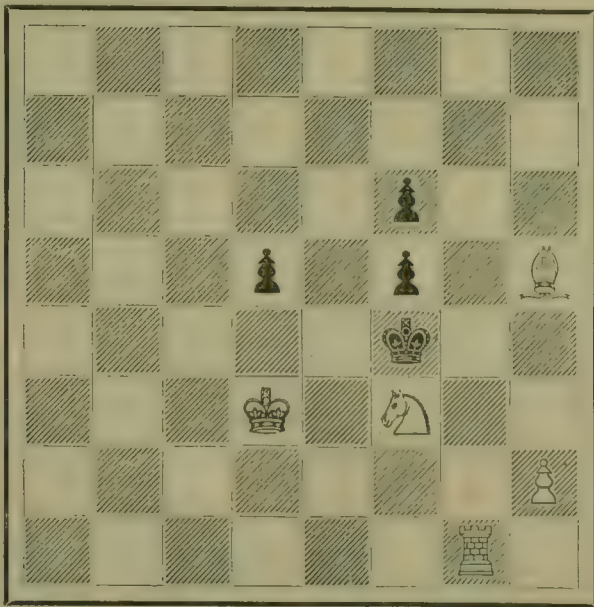
Problems received with thanks from Hewart Scott and G. Heathcote.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2224 to 2227 received from J. S. Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of Nos. 2226 to 2228 and Nos. 1, 2, and 4 Chess Nuts from O. H. B. (Richmond, Cape of Good Hope); of No. 2230 from Amateur (Havana); of No. 2234 from Lieutenant-Colonel Lorraine, E. W. Jones, Jack, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), Rev. J. T. John C. Bremner, A. Douthwaite; of No. 2235 from Thomas Lettichford, North-helm, Emile Frai, John C. Bremner, J. G. Grant, Sergeant James Sage, Pilsen, Joseph Ainsworth, Digits, W. Hillier, W. Heathcote, E. Featherstone, Otto Fulder (Ghent), N. S. Harris, Netina, A. Douthwaite, H. Heave, E. Vanmuller, M. Vandersteene, M. Beilant, H. Wardell, and E. Louden.

PROBLEM No. 2235.—At the request of many correspondents the solution of this fine problem is held over until next week.

## PROBLEM No. 2238.

By J. G. CAMPBELL.  
BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

One of eight games played simultaneously and *sans voir* by Mr. Blackburne at Liverpool on the 4th inst. (Evan's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne.)	BLACK (Board No. 6.)	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne.)	BLACK (Board No. 6.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	A very fine move. Its influence in confining Black's pieces to head-quarters is remarkable.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Castles (Q R)	
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	20. Kt takes B (ch)	P takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes Kt P	21. Kt to Q 4th	K R to K sq
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th	If 21. B takes B, White wins the Queen by 22. R to K 7th, &c.	
6. Castles	P to Q 3rd	22. Q to R 4th	K to Kt sq
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Again he dare not take the Bishop, because of the mate in two moves which follows:—	
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd	23. B takes B	P takes B
9. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to R 4th	24. Kt takes Kt (ch)	P takes Kt
Not so good as the usual move, B. R. to Kt 5th.		25. R takes Q B P	Q to Q R 2nd
10. B to K Kt 5th	Kt to K B 3rd	If 25. K to Kt 2nd, a very plausible move, then follows one of Mr. Blackburne's "bits of Morphy," 26. R takes P (ch), forcing mate in seven more moves.	
11. B to Q 3rd	P to B 3rd	26. Q to Kt 5th	K to R sq
Black has already a bad opening and is obliged to submit to a break-up on the King's side in order to save the Knight.		27. R takes Kt P	R to Q Kt sq
12. P to K 5th	P to K R 3rd	28. Q to B 6th (ch),	and Black resigned.
13. B to R 4th	P to Kt 4th		
14. P takes Kt	P takes B		
15. R to K sq (ch)	B to K 3rd		
16. P to Q 5th	P takes P		
17. Kt takes Q P	Kt to B 3rd		
18. R to Q B sq	Q to Q 2nd		
19. B to B 5th			

Our problem this week is another specimen of Mr. Campbell's composition. It was composed in a lighter mood than most of his problems.

The usual team-match between Oxford University and Oxford City Clubs was played last week, with thirteen competitors on each side. As in the November match, each side scored 10½ points, and the match was therefore drawn. Since then, on the 15th inst., the City Club, with ten representatives, journeyed to Birmingham and played a match with the local club there. It was their first away-from-home match, and the result should encourage them to further enterprises. The final score was—Oxford, 7½; Birmingham, 9½. We are asked to state that Oxford City Club would like a correspondence match with a strong English club.

The Rev. A. B. Skipworth and Mr. Pollock visited the Louth Chess Club last week, and played a number of simultaneous games against the members. Mr. Pollock has since left England on a visit to the Amsterdam Chess Club, where he will play all comers, simultaneously and otherwise.

The *Irish Chronicle* records that Mr. N. T. Miniat has secured the first place in the winter competitions of three of the leading Manchester chess clubs—viz., the Manchester, Athenæum, and St. Ann's. A good record, truly!

A tournament has been progressing in the Isle of Wight for some time past. The leading scores, as we write, are: Garrett (of Ryde), 6½; the Rev. Mr. Wright (Wroxall), 6; the first named having three games to play, and the latter two.

Sir Andrew Clark presided at the annual court of the governors of the Seamen's Hospital Society, the report showing that during last year 2095 patients were under treatment and 5359 out-patients relieved.

Lord Wolverton has devoted the salary which he received as Postmaster-General to a scheme for securing throughout the whole year accommodation at the Morley Home, St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, for four London postmen, who may happen from time to time to need rest.

The Royal Commission on the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, &c., have completed a tour of visits to the principal Institutions in the West of England and South Wales. The Institutions visited were the Asylum for the Blind, Home for Blind Women, St. Michael's-hill; Association for the Home Teaching of the Blind, Park-row; Deaf and Dumb Class under the Bristol School Board, and Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Bristol; the Cardiff Institute for the Blind, and the Llandaff School for the Deaf and Dumb; the Swansea and South Wales Institution for the Blind; and the Cambrian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Swansea; the West of England Institution for the Blind, St. David's-hill, Exeter, and the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb Children of the counties of Devon, Cornwall, Somerset, and Dorset, Exeter; the Blind School Home, Bathwick-street, and the Deaf and Dumb and Blind School, Bath. The Commission had intended to proceed as far as Plymouth and Devonport, and to visit the institutions in the three towns there, but the very brief time at their disposal compelled them to postpone this portion of the trip.

## NEW BOOKS.

The series edited by Professor Freeman and Mr. Hunt to be known as "Historic Towns," and due, we believe, to the initiative of the publishers (Messrs. Longmans), is worthily inaugurated by Mr. Loftie's *London*. Whilst giving in clear and concise form a sketch of the municipal institutions by which London is distinguished from other cities of the Kingdom, Mr. Loftie has refrained from going over ground which has been made familiar to us by both historian and antiquarian. His object has been rather to apply the results of modern discoveries to some of the puzzling anomalies which the civic government of the metropolis presents. The example furnished by London was imitated in various parts of our island, from Exeter in the south to St. Andrews in the north, but in all cases local customs, national necessities, or commercial causes, modified the original type. By way of preface to his very readable and equally useful volume, Mr. Loftie starts by showing that nothing at all of London as a Roman town, or even fortress, can be claimed to exist. Its existence as a city dates from King Alfred; its Aldermen were territorial magnates, like those of the county; but they maintained a continuous existence long after the time when elsewhere Aldermen and Thanes had made way for Earls and Lords; although London itself was included in no earldom. William the Conqueror never attacked the City, but invited the citizens on fair and equal terms to rally to his side, promising the maintenance of the laws of Edward. Mr. Loftie then discusses the respective position of the Portreeves, the Mayors (of whom the honour of having been the first is shared between Henry Fitzailwin, heir of Leofstan, the Portreeve, and Ralph de Diceto, the Dean of St. Paul's), and the Wardens, who in their respective wards exercised very considerable powers. It was not before the end of Edward II.'s reign that the Municipality, as it has come down to our time, was completely established; and by his farsighted successor it was still more firmly constituted, and its powers increased. Not the least interesting part of Mr. Loftie's volume are the chapters in which he treats of the relations of the Church and the City Corporations, and the influence of the parochial system. The commercial importance of London throughout the Middle Ages, and even down to quite modern times, was in a great measure due to its security from foreign attack and internal disorder; but it may be that this isolation, which was once the secret of our wealth, has become the cause of our selfish disregard for external questions. This, however, is a matter on which much may be said; but a careful perusal of Mr. Loftie's valuable contribution to our national history will place us in a better position to discuss the point, although he does not pretend to impose any such theory on his readers.

It must be twenty years since George Henry Lewes drew attention to the poetical merits of Mr. Robert Buchanan in the *Fortnightly Review*. Since that time the poet has written much in prose as well as verse, and has engaged, as our readers may remember, in more than one literary controversy. His latest contribution to criticism, *A Look Round Literature* (Ward and Downey), shows in no uncertain lines the writer's fearlessness and independence. His judgments are expressed strongly, sometimes indeed with an excess which, if his aim be to convince the public, is likely to defeat its purpose. But this fault, which Mr. Buchanan probably regards as a virtue, while lessening the value of the book, makes it extremely entertaining. It opens with a "Dedication to the Quarterly Reviewer," the absurdity of which is not relieved by wit, though the reader may glean some amusement from the announcement that when the Albemarle-street Review is dead and buried, this dedication will, perhaps, help to preserve its name from oblivion. The first essay in the volume, "From Æschylus to Victor Hugo," is full of original thought and, we must add, of startling statements. We read of Shelley's "Divine faith," and that he is "of all modern poets the most religious, with the exception of Wordsworth"; of Mr. Swinburne as "one of the Army of God," who "speaks so often the lovely language of Sion"; and of Victor Hugo as "the Æschylus of this generation." Of Goethe—who is the next to come under the critic's anvil—we are told that "his poetical writings constitute a sort of enormous dumpling, with very few currants indeed, in proportion to the dough"; but the estimate of the poet as a man is in the main just and admirable. Goethe showed what an intellect of the highest order could do without heart, and what it could not do. To allude, even, to the varied contents of this volume is impossible. For Mr. Buchanan's standing-point in relation to modern thought we can but refer to "A Note on Lucretius" and to "Free Thought in America." Perhaps the most generally attractive portion of the book will be found in the author's notes on persons whom he has known. And, in order to feel this attraction, it is not necessary to agree with all that is said about them. Rossetti is described as "the most ethereal and dreamy, in many respects the least carnal and most religious, of modern poets." He is sibylline not from being puzzle-headed, but because he has looked behind the curtain of the Sibyl. "When an angel passes him, he can feel the very texture of his robe, and tell the colour of his eyes. He is as sure of heaven, and all its white-robed angels, as ordinary men are of each other." A graceful and sympathetic paper on Sydney Dobell and another on Charles Reade touch the heart, and awaken a fellow-feeling of sympathy. From Mr. Buchanan's verdict on Thomas Moore no true student of poetry is likely to dissent. The author of "Lalla Rookh" had his reward in this life, but he has no place among the great poets whose fame grows with the ages. The "Talk with George Eliot" perplexes us a little. Everyone knows she was a Positivist, and had no belief in a personal immortality; but she had a woman's heart, and her brusque way of announcing the forlorn condition of the universe reminds us rather of Lewes. Yet her language may be even verbally correct, which Mr. Buchanan does not profess it to be, for she was under the sway of a nature far inferior to her own. More we cannot say here of a remarkable book, not even to comment on the author's defence of Zola and his transcendent praise of Walt Whitman, which is marred by bad taste, if, indeed, judging from a sentence on p. 345, we are not justified in using a much stronger expression.

The annual meeting of the governors of the Cancer Hospital (free), Brompton, S.W., was held on the 16th inst. During last year 1628 new patients were received, 652 being in-patients and 976 out-patients. The continued increase in the work points to the necessity for increased funds, the reliable income of the charity being about £3000 a year less than the ordinary expenditure.

From the *Newspaper Press Directory* for 1887 we extract the following on the present position of the newspaper press:—There are now published in the United Kingdom 2135 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 435; provinces, 1246; total, 1681. Wales, 84; Scotland, 191; Ireland, 158; isles, 21. Of these there are 145 daily papers published in England, 5 in Wales, 20 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, 1 in the British Isles. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1462, of which 360 are of a religious character.





THE OCCUPATION OF BURMAH: ON THE ROAD TO THE RUBY MINES—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP AT WEBONG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. STREETER, JUN.



## NOVELS.

Readers who have not much time to spare can be recommended to take up the second of the two volumes entitled *The Old House at Sandwich*: by Joseph Hatton (Sampson Low and Co.), and turn at once to the two-hundred-and-twenty-ninth page, where they will find, within the compass of a few paragraphs, the whole story which the author's long experience, practice, and skill have enabled him to work up into the form and size of the ordinary melodramatic novel, when it is not considered absolutely necessary to run on to three volumes. It is all, of course, a question of time; nobody who is not in a grievous hurry would care to have the naked tale without the cunningly devised accessories and the more or less becoming dress prepared for it and put upon it by an old literary hand. To tell the plain truth, this is a case in which the clothing is of more account, perhaps, than the body it covers and adorns—a case in which the casket is more precious, more desirable, more attractive, than the jewel; and one is inclined to appraise the book on the principle upon which the value of property for probate proceeds, neglecting the picture altogether and valuing only the frame. At any rate, there is far more pleasure and entertainment to be derived from the outgrowth and even overgrowth of the narrative than from its radical and fundamental constituents. The prologue in which we make acquaintance with the genial Vicar, and the episodes in which we are introduced to the eccentric Lady Ann, the fire-eating and fire-water-drinking Transatlantic miners, with their everlasting "six-shooters," and the good-humoured, affable, dark-skinned Mr. "Washy," are far more agreeable and not less interesting than the main history of drunkenness, faithlessness, murder, and remorseless vengeance. There is something revolting in the preposterous vindictiveness of a child who at eight years of age solemnly calls on God to help him in his intention to hunt down and kill his mother's seducer, his father's murderer. Certainly, that is just about the age at which Hannibal swore by his gods eternal hostility to Rome; but then he acted under the influence of his father: there was no sense of private wrong to dwarf the majestic proportions of the idea, and, moreover, he had no reverend gentleman to remind him that "Vengeance is mine; I will avenge, saith the Lord." That the eight-year-old had strong provocation there is no denying, and it is impossible not to sympathise with him in his indignation at the manner in which the adulterous murderer escaped condign punishment at the hands of justice. One might even feel an inclination to aid and abet him in taking the law into his own hands; but in his fashion of executing vengeance, to say nothing of his somewhat unchildish blasphemous appeal to the Almighty, there is a fiendish malignity and a cruel circumstantiality calculated to make one doubt whether the grey barbarian be morally lower than the Christian child or even the Christian grey-beard. Possibly, however, the details of the revenge—the duel in the dark cellar, lit up with ghostly candles, the sullen river flowing by, the body of the murderer dropped into the water as the victim's had been dropped fifteen years before, and the impossible, identical verdict of "Found drowned"—were merely intended to serve a melodramatic purpose. By-the-way, ten asterisks are all the evidence there is to show that the duel was fair and square; and, what is more, the unhappy murderer had already been so upset and unnerved in various ways by his opponent's self and friend that it was a mere farce to pretend that he had any reasonable chance of hitting a barn-door. Save for their own conscience, which may have required a little salve, they might as well have knocked him on the head, and thrown him into the water at once.

How the slovenly habit of avoiding certain constructive and dramatic difficulties of novel-writing is spreading among our novelists must have struck the most inadvertent reader; and here, in *Elizabeth's Fortune*: by Bertha Thomas (Richard Bentley and Son), is an example of the regrettable practice, of which also Mr. Hatton's "Old House at Sandwich" is another. Sometimes to a charge of slovenliness may be added an accusation of ludicrous incongruity; when, for instance, the sex of the acknowledged writer of an autobiographical narrative manifestly differs from that of the autobiographical hero or heroine. No doubt such narratives, if fictitious, were, when they first came into fashion, written either anonymously or pseudonymously; and then, when an author's works came to be published collectively, the murder was out. Now-a-days, there is no attempt to keep the murder in; and the effect sometimes is extremely ludicrous, when a gentleman of the highest character describes himself as a woman of no character at all, or a lady of unblemished reputation, notoriously feeble physique, and acknowledged refinement, is pleased to depict herself as a licentious, burly, foul-mouthed ruffian. How fatal the custom is to artistic arrangement and to dextrous management of plot and of machinery, needs no demonstration; it is the difference between a conductor controlling an orchestra, and an organ-grinder turning a handle, or very nearly. In the present instance there is at least no ludicrous incongruity of sex: if the writer chooses to change her name to Elizabeth and to seek her fortune as an orange-girl to begin with, there can be no objection on the score of patent and ridiculous impossibility. There is nothing for it but to commend her gravely for the honesty which she displayed at the ninth page of her first volume, condole with her heartily on the paltriness of the twopence tendered to her by way of acknowledgment, and congratulate her upon the "rise" which she so soon obtained, the admission which she gained into the family of a clergyman and into respectable circles. It is only, however, in the capacity of general servant, and that without wages in a pecuniary form; so that, having become learned in the secrets of domestic service, and having been placed in a position of some difficulty through an offer of marriage made to her by her reverend employer's scapegrace of a son, she naturally desires to "better" herself. She leaves clerical bondage for what may turn up; and what turns up is—as nobody acquainted with works of fiction will be surprised to learn—the stage. There is now, of course, an opportunity of describing all sorts of characters and situations, such as a theatrical career would be likely or unlikely to make a good-looking but not very brilliant actress conversant with; but the opportunity is used with modest self-restraint, else there is no reason why, in these days of enterprise, the reader should not be taken all round the world on a series of "starring tours." The ex-orange-girl, ex-servant-girl, in course of time consents to marry a young military officer of good family and small means, whose chances of a supplementary allowance are promptly extinguished by his friends when they hear of his matrimonial madness; but the plucky pair come triumphantly out of all difficulties. And now it seems that the ex-orange-girl, ex-servant-girl, ex-actress has written her autobiography; a task which she has performed in an admirable style of composition—for an ex-orange-girl, &c. She has displayed many excellent qualities, especially a virtuous disposition, good taste, and common-sense on many, if not all, occasions. She must have been one of the very early paragons of the School Board, if it were to that institution that she owed, as an orange-girl, her ability to read and write, and her "compound arithmetic, and physical geography, and parsing, and elementary science," but

"nothing," as she bitterly and somewhat ungratefully remarked, "that will keep me." Ungratefully, because without her educational acquisitions, or, at any rate, the first two of them, she would probably never have married the man she loved, or won over his aristocratic relatives, and would certainly not have written so admirable an autobiography. But she spoke without an idea of her future.

How amusing it is to read of the adventures and perils of our fellow-men, provided always that they do not end fatally. There is ample food for mirth in M. Alphonse Daudet's *Tartarin on the Alps*, and the English reader will be grateful for a translation of this humorous book by Henry Firth (Routledge and Sons), with the charmingly characteristic illustrations of the artists whose work adorned the original edition. Tartarin, the president of a club at Tarascon formed for climbing the hills regarded by the townfolk as mountains, is in danger of losing his reputation for adventure by the exploits of a rival, and is moved, in spite of much fear, to save his honour by climbing the Jungfrau, and even Mont Blanc. Now, as all the world knows, or might know, the Tarasconnais are greatly addicted to gasconade. Tartarin is not without this weakness, and you may hear him recount mighty deeds of valour which he never performed; but, in spite of this little blemish, he is a thoroughly good fellow, and the reader will follow his adventures as related, pictorially and by letter-press, with no little curiosity. A former member of the club, Bompard by name, designated, even at Tarascon, as an impostor, is encountered by Tartarin in Switzerland. There is, of course, no mountain he cannot climb; and as for the difficulties and dangers of mountaineering in Switzerland, they are but the inventions of a company, who manage the whole affair for the benefit of shareholders. So deceived is Tartarin by his old acquaintance that when, on ascending the Jungfrau, he is suddenly precipitated over the side of a precipice, he relies upon the rope and on the company with the most absolute sangfroid. He knew quite well, he said afterwards, that there was no danger. There are other perils, besides the mountains, for Tartarin. Although well advanced in life, he is fascinated by a beautiful Nihilist, who is ready to give herself to him if he will show that he deserves her; and, as a result of his infatuation, he finds himself one day a prisoner in the Castle of Chillon. But we have said enough of a tale that well merits the care bestowed on it by printer, publisher, and artists.

There will be special services in the Temple Church on the first six Wednesday evenings in Lent, at eight o'clock. The church will be open to the public on these occasions without the usual orders of admission. The preachers will be—on Ash Wednesday, Feb. 23, Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple; March 2, Dr. Vaughan; March 9, the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison, Vicar of St. Gabriel's; March 16, the Venerable Archdeacon Farrar; March 23, Dr. Vaughan; March 30, the Hon. and Rev. E. C. Glyn, Vicar of Kensington.

"The Directory of Directors," edited by Mr. Thomas Skinner, of 11, Royal Exchange-buildings, has attained its eighth year of publication. As compared with its immediate predecessors, it is remarkable, less for the increase in its bulk than for the unusual number of changes. Last year, 1200 men fell out of the ranks. The new comers, however, exceed this number, so that the total now given is greater than before. The work is compiled from the particulars published by the Companies, and every notice is, at the last moment, submitted to the subject of it, for revision to date. At the end of the work is an appendix including such changes as have occurred during the progress of the sections through the press.

The twelfth edition of "The Cure of Consumption" having recently been issued, a short sketch of the author's career will be interesting, as instancing the rapid development and success of Dr. Alabone's discovery. His researches have attracted a very great amount of attention, and those who have a special interest in this painful disease will be glad to hear that his system of treatment is now acknowledged as successful.

The author was born at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and educated at the Castle College, Taunton. At a very early age he exhibited a disposition for the study of medicine, and almost immediately after his college education was finished he entered Guy's Hospital as a student of medicine and surgery, having previously passed his mathematical and general science examinations. His hospital career was a brilliant one. By incessant study he held the successive appointments at the hospital, and obtained no less than six certificates of merit, besides which, he, at the early age of nineteen, became possessed of a valuable presentation of plate for his "skill in surgery," having performed a major operation successfully, after the case had been abandoned by three eminent country surgeons.

After obtaining his degrees, he gave his whole attention to medicine, and shortly after he gave especial study to diseases of the chest; and from that period his fame as a specialist has steadily increased. So complete a specialty has he made of Consumption, that he has abstained from treating any other but chest complaints. Many articles of his have appeared in the medical papers—"The Symptoms of Heart Disease Communicated from the Cerebro-Spinal System," "The Treatment of Fever," &c.; and amongst works relating to Consumption may be mentioned "The Curative Treatment of Consumption," "Inhalation of Oxygen Gas in the Treatment of Consumption," "Phthisis, its Diagnosis and Treatment," "The Specific Treatment of Phthisis," &c.; and lastly, "The Cure of Consumption by an entirely New Remedy," which is the best known, and contains many instances of remarkable successes in cases of consumption which have made Dr. Alabone's system famous; amongst them being medical men themselves who have been cured, and who do not hesitate to state their belief that the Cure of Consumption is now an established fact.

The nature, symptoms, diagnosis, means of prevention, and treatment, are plainly described; and chapters on the physiology and frequency of respiration, the contagiousness, cause, and cure of Consumption, are followed by descriptions of a specific treatment for Catarrh, and also acute and chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Scrofula, &c.; together with instances and the most convincing proofs of the efficacy of the means employed; advice also is given as to dress, dietary, &c.; and full prescriptions for the benefit of patients. This invaluable information is, it must be remembered, the fruit of an experience unequalled in the treatment of chest diseases, and will be welcomed far and wide. There are over 320 pages in this remarkable book, which stands pre-eminent as a *vade mecum* to health; and its perusal is of the highest importance to all interested in this distressing disease. Many cases which had previously been given up as hopeless are quoted with full details, so that the reader can easily verify the statements made. There are many pages of testimony by special desire of patients who are anxious to bear witness to the results of the treatment promulgated by the author, amongst them being eminent divines and physicians. Dr. Alabone has held many important public appointments, but has resigned them all in order to devote his whole time to the study of diseases of the chest; he is well known for the geniality of his disposition, his unswerving diligence and care, the rapidity of his diagnosis, and the simplicity of his instructions; whilst his punctuality and perception are proverbial; the same principles seem to actuate his private and public life, and his adherents are a staunch and numerous body.

It is pleasing to note that recently the following testimonial, richly illuminated, was presented to Dr. Alabone at his residence, Lynton House, Highbury-quadrant, London, N., by Dr. T. Young, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., L.M., signed by a very large number of friends and patients, members of the aristocracy, clergy, medical men, and others:—"To E. W. Alabone, Esq., M.D., F.R.M.S.—We, the undersigned Friends and Patients, who have witnessed the success which has ever attended your Treatment of Consumption, take this opportunity to place on record our great appreciation of your researches, which have culminated in the promulgation of a remedy that has been widely and eminently successful. We would express our utmost confidence in your great experience, believing your opinions and advice in all cases of Chest Disease to be of incalculable value to suffering humanity.

"By your disinterested actions and integrity you have shown yourself entitled to the respectful admiration and gratitude of all with whom you have been brought into contact, whether professionally or otherwise.

"That your distinguished services may meet with that extensive recognition of the community at large which they so greatly deserve, and that your life may be long spared for the continuance of your valuable and beneficial labours, is the sincere and earnest hope of your well-wishers."

Here follow a very great number of signatures, conspicuous amongst which are many well-known physicians and surgeons.

Such an agreeable recognition of researches which must benefit the world at large is, doubtless, a great source of gratification to Dr. Alabone for the course he has pursued, and cannot fail to encourage him in his future researches for the treatment of Consumption.

While such widespread ignorance exists as to the possibility of Consumption being a curable disease, the sceptic is advised to procure a copy of "The Cure of Consumption," and become acquainted with the means of cure. In such a sketch as this it is impossible to give extracts which would convey anything like a fair idea of the subject treated. The book itself should be consulted; its price, 5s., places it practically within the reach of all. It is obtainable from the Author, 12, Highbury-quadrant, N., or from any Bookseller. Its perusal must be a source of profit to all who are in any way concerned in this great question of the Cure of Consumption. This work has already reached an issue of 100,000 copies.

Whatever opinions may circulate, all must be convinced of the necessity of a reliable system of treatment for Consumption, which claims the lion's share of the items in the bills of mortality; and slays nearly one half of all that die between the ages of twenty and twenty-five; and two-thirds of those that cross the dark river between twenty-five and thirty-five; and again rules supreme over all other forms of disease. Of 1000 born, but two survive to the age of ninety-five; and only one of 4000 born ever reaches the age of one hundred.

Dr. Alabone has been able to place the actual facts before the public in his work; and, we are assured, no one need despair of a cure in almost any stages of the disease. Of course, the possibility of a cure is strengthened if taken in hand at the commencement; but even where sufferers have been pronounced beyond the reach of medical treatment, cures have been effected by the aid of Dr. Alabone's discovery. No one who feels the importance of a complete insight into the causes, the prevention, and, above all, the Cure of Consumption, should hesitate a moment about procuring this work.

It is of acknowledged merit, having been most favourably received. It is the result of practical observation in the treatment of many thousands of cases of Consumption, and will doubtless have a wide publicity. Dr. Alabone has an unequalled experience as a specialist of a very high order; and his discoveries show that a point, hitherto deemed impossible, has been gained in the treatment of the fell disease.



E. W. ALABONE,  
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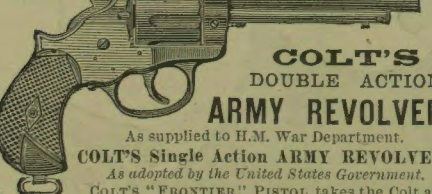
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